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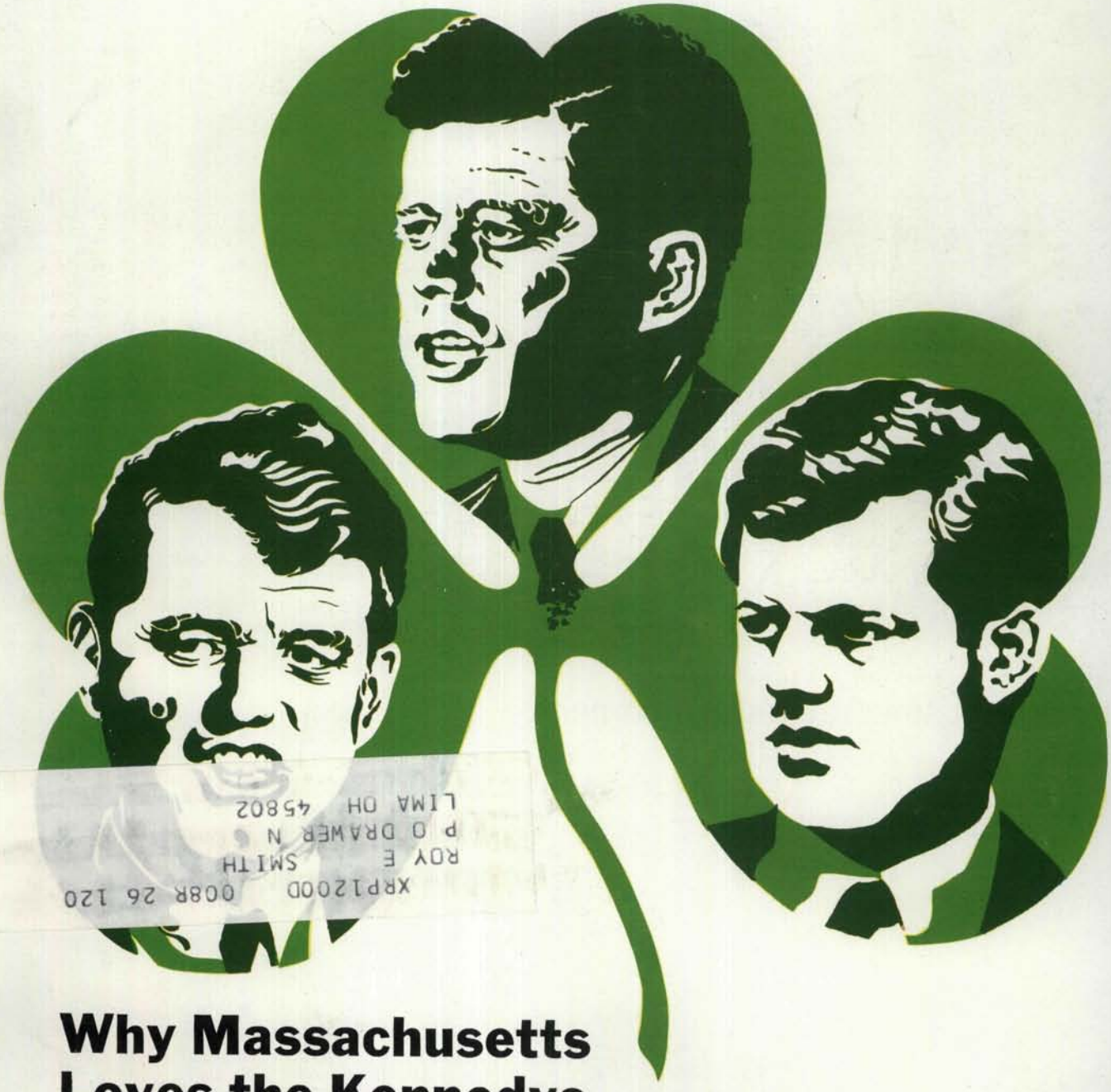
AUGUST 11, 1970

m. F. Buckley Jr. on
The Irish Troubles
—SEE PAGE 860

NATIONAL REVIEW



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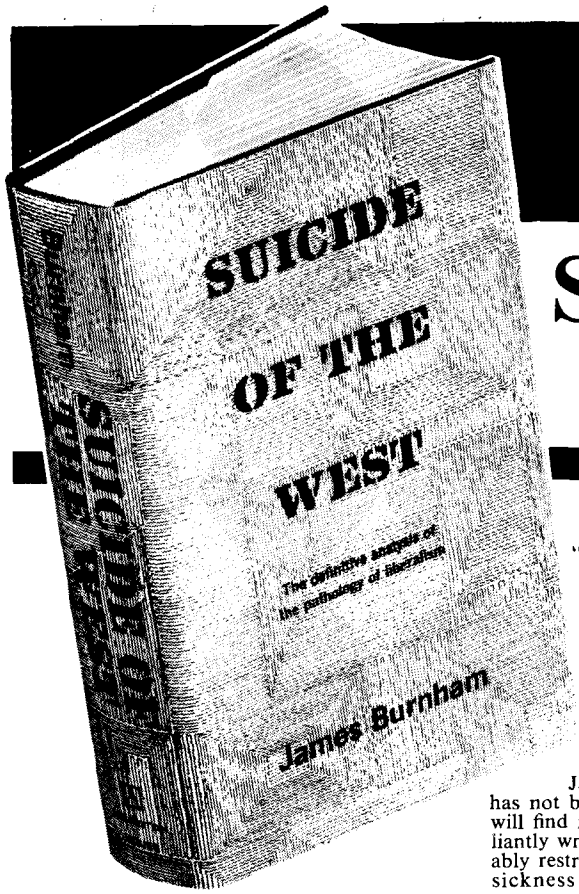

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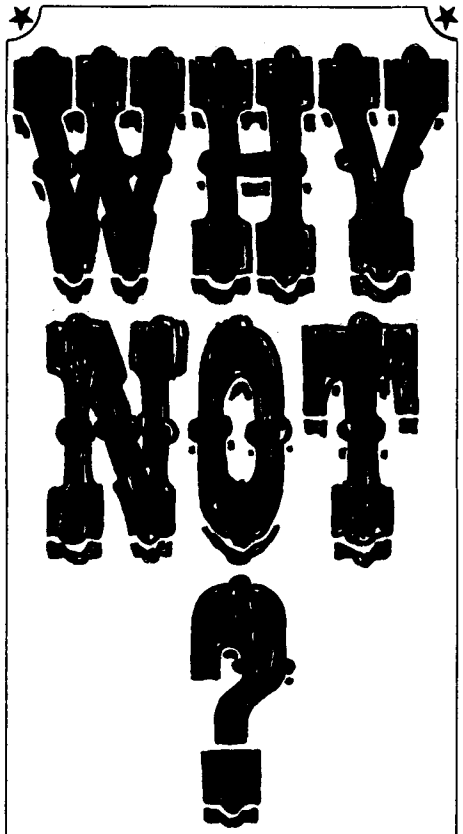

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IN THIS ISSUE

■ "As a very small boy," says **Francis Russell,** who this week explains that unique Kennedy charisma, "I once shook hands with Honey Fitz. It was a very disappointing experience." Mr. Russell traces his interest in the rise of the Irish in Boston politics back to a great-grandfather, John Leary, who came over during the famine years, and to a long-standing fascination with the city itself. "Living near Boston," he says, "and having grown up within sight of the Custom House tower, I know it better than any city in the world. And I'm still not sure that I like it." Mr. Russell's new book, *President Makers from Mark Hanna to Joseph Kennedy,* will be published next year by Houghton-Miffin.

■ **Sir Arnold Lunn** writes of the peculiar set of situation ethics which allows professional Soviet skiers to compete in the Winter Olympics as amateurs. Sir Arnold is past president of the Ski Club of Great Britain; founder and former president of the Alpine Ski, Kandahar Ski and Oxford University Mountaineering clubs; former chairman of the International Downhill Ski-Racing Committee; and inventor of the modern Slalom race, for which he obtained Olympic recognition. Sir Arnold, author of numerous works of historical, social and religious commentary, has also written extensively on mountaineering and skiing. . . . Satirist **A. M. Tibbetts** teaches English at the University of Illinois. . . . **John Lukacs** who teaches at Chestnut Hill College, examines the moral implications of Women's Lib. Mr. Lukacs is the author of *A History of the Cold War, The Great Powers and Eastern Europe* and *Historical Consciousness.* His new work, *The Passing of the Modern Age,* from which his article in this issue is taken, will be published in October by Harper & Row.

■ **William F. Buckley Jr.** reports on the situation in Northern Ireland. He was there in the tense week before Orangeman's day. . . . **George Will** works in Washington. He has taught in Michigan State and at the University of Toronto.

■ **Hugh Kenner,** professor of English at the University of California, Santa Barbara, reviews a study of a side of Wyndham Lewis about which many of us have forgotten. . . . **Jeffrey Hart,** who is taking time off from Dartmouth and *NR* to vacation in Spain, praises a new work by Keith Mano, according to Mr. Hart "a novelist of the first magnitude."... **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** enjoys the biography of Charles V by Otto von Habsburg, the former Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary and descendant of the Emperor Charles. During October and November, Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn will undertake a coast-to-coast lecture tour of the United States. . . . **Clyde Wilson,** who makes his first NATIONAL REVIEW appearance this issue, is studying for his doctorate at Chapel Hill and has recently published in *Modern Age.*

A New XX[TH] Century Fund Task Force Report

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FOR THE RECORD

■ By Their Offices Shall Ye Know Their Intentions: Sen. **Edward Muskie** has had full-time office going off Capitol Hill for some time now (ten paid employees, plus volunteers), Sen. **McGovern** intends to set one up in next couple of weeks, Sens. **Harold Hughes** (D., Iowa) and **Birch Bayh** (D., Ind.) reportedly are looking for space. What's the common denominator? 1972. . . . **George Wallace**'s Presidential ambitions rocked last week when Alabama Democratic leaders rammed through a loyalty oath provision that means, in effect, that there can't be a Wallace-headed third party slate on the Alabama ballot in '72. (Incidentally, one guy who didn't get counted in the last census in Alabama, was George Wallace.) . . . No one much worried by self-styled "New Party," now headed by **Gore Vidal** and **Benjamin Spock**. Its purpose, say promoters, is to get "protest politics" going again and to support peace candidates already in the race—i.e., it won't launch any new candidacies. . . . Behind the scenes in **Arthur Goldberg**'s headquarters in New York, savage in-fighting between **Kennedy** men (**Peter Fishbein**, **Peter Edelman**, **Jerry Bruno**) and other Goldberg staffers and aides. . . . Campaign not catching on, if polls are right. They show Goldberg, who was a light year or so ahead of **Rockefeller** in early spring, now only just ahead, at a time when Rockefeller money and Rockefeller campaign savvy should start to pay off. . . . Entry of **Thomas Dodd,** as independent in Conn. senatorial race could help Democrat **Alphonsus Donahue** in primary, say Democratic insiders.

■ Vote on D.C. Crime bill interesting: Of the Democrats who voted against it, (see Cato) and may court troubles back home from law-and-order elements, only **Phil Hart** of Michigan has hardish re-election campaign on his hands. (Kennedy and Muskie, who also voted nay are shoo-ins). Republican liberals who voted for the bill (deserting the **Javits**, **Goodell**, **Brooke**, **Case**, **Cooper**, **Mathias**, **Packwood** ranks for once) were **Hatfield**, **Percy** and **Schweiker**. . . . **Robert Byrd** (D., W. Va.) pointed out one reason so many liberals did go for tough Crime Bill: Washington is now #1 in crime among cities in the country of comparable size despite biggest police force. . . . Interesting sidelight, one of young Justice Dept. lawyers who helped draft the crime bill was **Carl Rauh,** son of ADA's **Joseph L. Jr.**

Jon, *London Daily Mail* Ben Roth Agency

Seems we're the only reserves left for Northern Ireland.

■ Among reasons that **Nasser** has decided to go along with U.S. cease-fire plan in Mideast, very heavy casualties along the Suez in month of June. Middle Eastern sources say Egypt suffered between 1,500 and 2,000 casualties in that month alone from Israeli air and artillery attacks. . . . Reason **USSR** may want settlement: It could use a re-opened Suez Canal for its Indian Ocean gambit and the Canal is silting up rapidly. Experts say it will take $200 to $300 million to reopen it, and as much as two years' work. . . . **France,** meanwhile, is coining it in as international arms broker. It has sold **South Africa** military hardware (including submarines) worth $500 million in past few years, has contracted to sell Mirage fighters to **Libya** and now is offering **Greece** whatever arms it needs—including tanks and planes—in better deal than Washington would give.

■ In letter to various newspapers around the country, Weatherman faction of SDS has told Attorney General **John Mitchell** "Don't look for us, dog. We'll find you first." (About twenty of the Weatherman who are under indictment for various crimes, have disappeared). . . . Socialist *Militant* attacking both **SDS** and **Progressive Labor** (Maoist) for trying to shut down the universities last spring. What the rest of the Left was doing and which was correct, says *Militant*, was "transforming the universities into centers of antiwar organizations." . . . Lots of universities aware of just that, and also aware of proposals for removing their tax exemptions, are cracking down on student radicals this summer. Columbia has thrown "The Movement" off its campus, MIT is charging left activists rent for the facilities they are using. **Robert Durkee**, a Movement leader, is advising its groups "to use university facilities as little as possible."

■ Zoo stories: The Kristiansen Zoo in Norway has shipped three nymphomanic baboonesses and one male baboon to a zoo in Denmark, because morals are more relaxed there. . . . President **Albert-Bernard Bongo** (wouldn't it be nice if he were of the Congo? but he's not) of Gabon brought, as a hostess gift to **Mme. Georges Pompidou**, on a state visit: one elephant, one buffalo and one panther.

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This newspaper isn't written for everyone

THE NATIONAL OBSERVER

Anarchy in a Dynamite Stick

Bursting Bombs Rock Nation

Israel Solves Ancient Riddle: Who Is a Jew?

But Its Controversial Law May Stir New Problems And Pastures Elsewhere

William Kunstler, Lawyer, Pushes Beyond Liberalism

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LETTERS

School Survival

"Can American Education Survive . . .?" [July 14] was refreshing, but I wish to raise a point of word usage.

Considering current changes in the nature of dominant campus activities, I believe the term "student" to be lending itself more and more to misuse. By its very etymology, it should refer to one who studies—one who opens his mind to absorption and analysis, and who exercises reasonable ambition, curiosity, and sincerity of interest in academic work. Woefully many persons present on campus today are not so describable.

Perhaps he, who by his efforts does not earn the right to be called a student, should be known by some less pretentious title; I submit "enrollee." After all, a real student is entitled to some identity not shared by people clearly of unacademic inclination and purpose.

Amherst, Mass. DONALD R. BURLESON

I would like to pass on some notes in general favor of the David Carpenter letter to the Columbia University administration. I am also a member of the Columbia class of 1970.

The "strike" of this spring was different from those of previous years in one disheartening way: it seemed as though everyone on the entire campus was trying to lash out at President Nixon's Cambodian action (at least that's what they *said* the strike was about.) Many of those with whom I stood in the Majority Coalition line in 1968 were sporting ragged red armbands and scowls to match. Unlike the "strikes" of '68 and '69 this one brought reason and restraint to a halt. The faculty was the first to lose its collective mind. A member of the College Dean's staff who is sympathetic to traditional values described to me the faculty's behavior at its general meeting called after the Kent State incident. All the surface huffnpuff was about illegal actions, immoral shootings and how we should all unite in reasoned protest, but the first topic that came up for discussion was how to rearrange the grading system in light of the fact that school was over for the year. It was some time before one of those reactionary liberals hesitantly suggested the business of education was, after all, education and. . . . I understand that such remarks were treated rather boorishly by many of those present. This administrator called the faculty "morally bankrupt."

Princeton, N.J. EDWARD J. NOWAK

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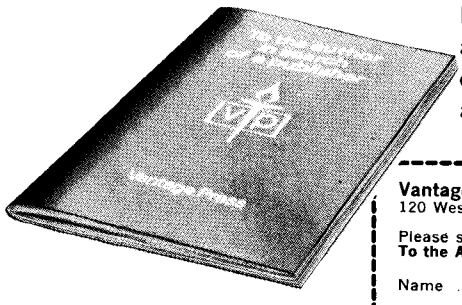

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torials in the July 14, 1970 NATIONAL REVIEW.

1. "*NR* is a sworn defender of the freedom of international trade," says the first editorial ("Temporizing"), but then goes on to defend the imposition of restrictions on imports from Japan, in the process demonstrating that the author of the piece is ignorant of the basic principle of free trade. That principle, crudely put, is that imports are the return from trade, exports the cost of trade.

Suppose Japan were completely successful in achieving the objectives *NR* attributes to her: She managed to keep her "vast internal market" completely "the private domain of Japanese industry," i.e., she kept imports to zero; she succeeded extravagantly in her asserted attempt "to push her products . . . into foreign markets, above all into the United States." What would she do with the dollars she received for her exports? Turn them into greenbacks to stack in the vaults of the Bank of Japan? Jolly for us. Can you think of a better deal than getting masses of Japanese goods for a bale of green pieces of paper? There is no other export that we can produce more cheaply.

Japan might accumulate (as she has done) some dollars as a reserve, but she is too smart to do so indefinitely. Obviously she would take steps either to reduce her exports or to use the dollars to buy imports (by changes in trade restrictions, or in the internal price level, or in the exchange rate).

Japan does engage in numerous trade restrictions. Those trade restrictions hurt Japan and they hurt us—by denying them and us mutually profitable trades. But, minor qualifications aside, that only academic scruples impel me to refer to, we only increase the hurt to us and to them by imposing restrictions in our turn. Unilateral free trade is good for us (again subject to only minor qualifications) regardless what the Japanese do, though of course multilateral free trade would be better.

2. *NR*'s protectionism is followed by socialism. The government, says *NR*, should "nationalize the railroad beds, providing suitable compensation to the owners. The use of these beds should then be auctioned off," in the process, of course, though this is not made explicit, subsidizing the users.

The railroad situation is a mess but the solution is straightforward. Abolish ICC and eliminate other government interference. If, under those circumstances, the railroads cannot pay their way, they should, *NR* to the contrary notwithstanding, be abandoned as the stage coach lines were abandoned at an earlier date (which NR would no doubt have tried to prevent if it had existed at that time by having the government buy stage coaches and auction off their use).

I do not believe that in fact the railroads would be abandoned. On the contrary, I believe that free competition would produce a thriving, viable, technically progressive railroad system. But if I am wrong, that

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simply means that I have overestimated the value of a railroad system to the citizens of the nation. It does not justify *NR*'s advice: "Better to run them publicly, than abandon them." Have the liberals so corrupted *NR* that it is ready, at the drop of a train, to substitute its judgment for the judgment of the consumers?

I used to take it for granted that at least a quick cram course in Adam Smith was a prerequisite for writing economic editorials for *NR*. Those days are obviously gone—but, let us hope, not for long.

Chicago, Illinois MILTON FRIEDMAN

Faerie Flag Credentials

Thanks to Russell Kirk for his gracious kudos to the Stewart family. But let's be fair about all this antiquity jazz. Traquair is not the oldest continuously inhabited dwelling in Scotland. Dunvegan Castle, on the coast of the Misty Isle, Skye, has been the continuously inhabited seat of the family of MacLeod for well over a thousand years —several centuries before the first Stewart appeared upon the scene.

If Mr. Kirk should present himself at the gate of Dunvegan (called simply "An Dun," meaning "The Fortress" by the MacLeods) and show adequate antiquity research credentials, Dame MacLeod, the present chief, might even accord him a wee peek at the Faerie Flag. This banner was presented to the founder of the clan by the faeries who had helped him to build An Dun (a non-union job) at about the time that Alfred, the Sassenach King, was scorching his breakfast scones.

This Faerie Flag, if carried into battle, is positively guaranteed to make the MacLeods invincible. A fringe benefit appears to have been the bestowing of "second sight," foreseeing the future, for the MacLeod of the mid-eighteenth century held his clan aloof from the Stewart shenanigans of the day, and thus saved An Dun from a post-Culloden gutting by Butcher Cumberland.

My own ancestor had no Faerie Flag, possessed no second sight, but proved as fleet of foot at Culloden as he had been strong of arm during the preceding year, which is why I am here today, safe in a land where they only burn down college buildings.

But anyway, Russell Kirk, it was a good piece about the Lost Cause.

Escondido, Calf. CHARLES STEWART PHILLIPS

Dzu, Thieu, Diem and Kirk

I read with considerable interest Gerry Kirk's article on President Thieu in your June 30 issue. I should like to briefly comment on a few of his points.

As regards poor "Lawyer Dzu" (as his Vietnamese supporters refer to him), I am happy to see that someone has again called attention to his proclivity for financial aggrandizement, whatever the means. Long before he ran for office he had a reputation for such. In 1965-1966, my Vietnamese friends inevitably dismissed Dzu as a venal

(Continues on page 855)

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THE WEEK

■ The founding convention of the Benign Neglect Society has been postponed indefinitely.

■ On August 12, Connecticut Republicans will participate in the very first state primary. The contenders are the incumbent Congressman from Fairfield County, Lowell Weicker; and State Senator John Lupton. Mr. Weicker has in recent months shown signs of suffering from Goodell's Disease. He has opposed ABM, backed Cooper-Church, voted to override the President's veto of the HEW appropriations bill. His opponent John Lupton is an eloquent backer of conservative principles, the soul of constancy and integrity—who, moreover, would much more likely win the votes that do not go to Senator Dodd since the latter's divorce from the Democratic Party. A fine opportunity . . .

■ One thousand two hundred and sixty ICBMs (including multiply targeted SS-9s) now; 2,500 by 1975 . . . nuclear submarines armed with ballistic missiles . . . search-and-destroy satellites . . . fractional orbital bombardment systems (FOBS), ideal for sneak attacks . . . sixty ABM sites around Moscow alone. That's what the Russians have, and the U.S. is beginning to look pretty sick by comparison, according to "America in Danger," a special report published by the American Conservative Union. Author Frank J. Johnson lays it on the line: Our policy of "sufficiency" can't suffice when the enemy's objective is supremacy. Handy to have all the facts and figures gathered together, just in time for the next ABM debate.

■ "On the one hand are students with strong convictions and no patience," nuclear physicist Edward Teller told the Commission on Campus Unrest. "On the other hand are university administrators with much patience . . . and no conviction." As a result, said Dr. Teller, campuses are politicized, young scientists fear to do scientific research related to national defense, and without new young recruits to carry on such research, "in twenty years the U.S. will be disarmed." As if to prove the point, Commission member Joseph Rhodes, a Harvard student, angrily denounced those who would work to add to the national "megatonnage." Shot back Dr. Teller: "If we stop research on defense while research in totalitarian nations goes on at an accelerated rate," he said, "your freedom of speech will not last much longer than mine."

■ Conservatives have scored a major victory in the House version of the postal-reform bill. Last spring's agreement between the Administration and the AFL-CIO postal unions would have allowed unions to bargain for a union shop. Not anymore. Thanks to an amendment introduced by Rep. David Henderson (D., N.C.), postal employees can't be forced to join a union to work for the government. Expect AFL-CIO head George Meany, who has long been anxious to bring the union shop to the Federal Government, to get feisty, his visions of Richard Nixon paying him dues temporarily thwarted.

■ In New Bedford, Mass., the once capital of America's whaling industry, the arrest of a Negro for disorderly conduct led to four nights of ghetto violence, one death, sixteen injured and promises of more. This in a place that's been slobbered over by the Federal Government: City officials say New Bedford has received more federal aid in the last ten years than any other city its size in the country. "The projects are seemingly endless, ranging from a massive, miles-long hurricane dike . . . to Onboard, an anti-poverty umbrella agency that has pumped $4.4 million into the city in five years," says the *New York Times*. "There's no doubt about it, we've had almost every conceivable federal program in the city," pouts the Mayor. "We've got all kinds of federal money, but none of it gets down to the people," growls a black leader. All agree on the ineffectiveness of federal subsidy. We agree too. Some night soon Uncle Sam should pack his bags, leave the Kerner Report in his hotel, take the Gideon Bible and hop a whale to Washington.

■ NBC "has a silent majority of its own to deal —and compromise—with," says *Variety*. It seems that 60 per cent of the managers of the network's local affiliate stations feel that NBC's news coverage is biased in favor of the Left. At their annual meeting in New York, the men from the hinterlands (obviously responding to flak from their viewers) charged that NBC's *Our House Divided* special on Kent State was "one-sided," that coverage of the Vietnam issue "does not adequately present the Administration position," and that coverage of the May 9 peace march on Washington gave too much publicity to the hard Left. NBC president Julian Goodman replied with a masterful slither, saying in effect: We can't move over to the middle of the road because we're already there, so please go home and keep taking flak.

■ Nuts! The "tiger cage" fad could've swept the nation. Everyone was talking about it, ladies in beauty parlors, school children, TV commentators, all joining in the scream about atrocities in South Vietnamese prisons. Entrepreneurs were planning "tiger cage" wrist watches; Andy Stein was on the phone to his caterers. Then some diddlehead had to go and spoil all the fun. Rep. Philip M. Crane (R., Ill.) came back from South Vietnam and charged that the prison reports had been grossly exaggerated and that conditions in the prisons were better than conditions out of it. Back to the drawing-board . . .

■ "Solly-baby? How*are*ya, sweetheart? Lissen, tell Jess Unruh I signed up Gene Kelly to endorse him . . . *you* know *Kelly*, the hoofer. . . . How should *I* know what his latest movie is? . . . Huh, Martin? Solly, I'd *love* to help ya, but I can't get Dino. Yeah, he's supporting Reagan. . . . But lis-

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If You Can Handle These Questions, You Can Handle Inflation

□ **Gold, the centuries-old historic inflation hedge, is forbidden for Americans. Are strong foreign currencies such as the German Mark or the Swiss Franc suitable substitutes?**

□ **Land is a good long-term inflation hedge. But it doesn't always go up. You can't always sell it quickly. It doesn't pay dividends. So it's unsuitable for most portfolios. Are certain railroad or mining stocks a better way for the average investor to participate in land?**

□ **Foreign money managers can mitigate—or magnify—the domestic effects of our inflation. What do the moves toward an international European currency portend for American investors?**

□ **Bond yields are near or at historic highs. What role, if any, should bonds play in your portfolio?**

□ **With the Dow Jones Industrial Average down as much as 30% in the past 12 months, most investors are holding stocks that show cruel losses. What should you do with your worst performers?**

□ **Are antiques a good inflation hedge for a middle-class family? A wealthy family? How about gems? And silver dollars or gold coins?**

□ **In the last depression, certain gold mining shares rose ten-fold in price. Today, are gold mining shares a reasonably secure inflation hedge?**

If you can't handle these questions—beware. Inappropriate inflation defense can turn out to be worse than no defense at all. Many normally prudent people, for example, buy heavily into a few gold mining companies and think their inflation defense is complete.

Sure, placing a proportion of your portfolio in a few carefully chosen —and carefully watched—gold mining companies, is a reasonable inflation hedge. But, as Wm. F. Rickenbacker points out, the price of gold is unpredictable due to international political intrigues (South Africa and Russia are the leading gold producers). And since, in addition, there is no reliable method of forecasting when monetary crises will strike, gold mining shares are highly speculative. Painful losses may follow when they're least expected—and when they can be least afforded.

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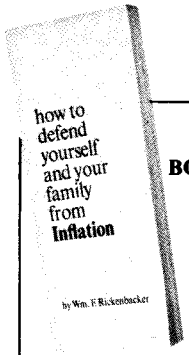

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"It would be a tragedy if, knowing the fallacies of Keynes, we did not take steps to protect ourselves from the results of something-for-nothing economics."
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sen, I got a cute little broad for Jess—Shirley MacLaine. . . . Yeah, that's the one, always plays hookers. And a kid, Dustin Hoffman—real comer . . . Now Solly, I wouldn't call 'em skin-flicks. . . . Oh. Sinatra. Look, Solly, I tried my damnedest but Frankie's for Reagan too. But there's this lady in my nephew's building likes Unruh—says she had a walk-on in *Gold-Diggers of 1932*. . . . Solly? *Solly?"*

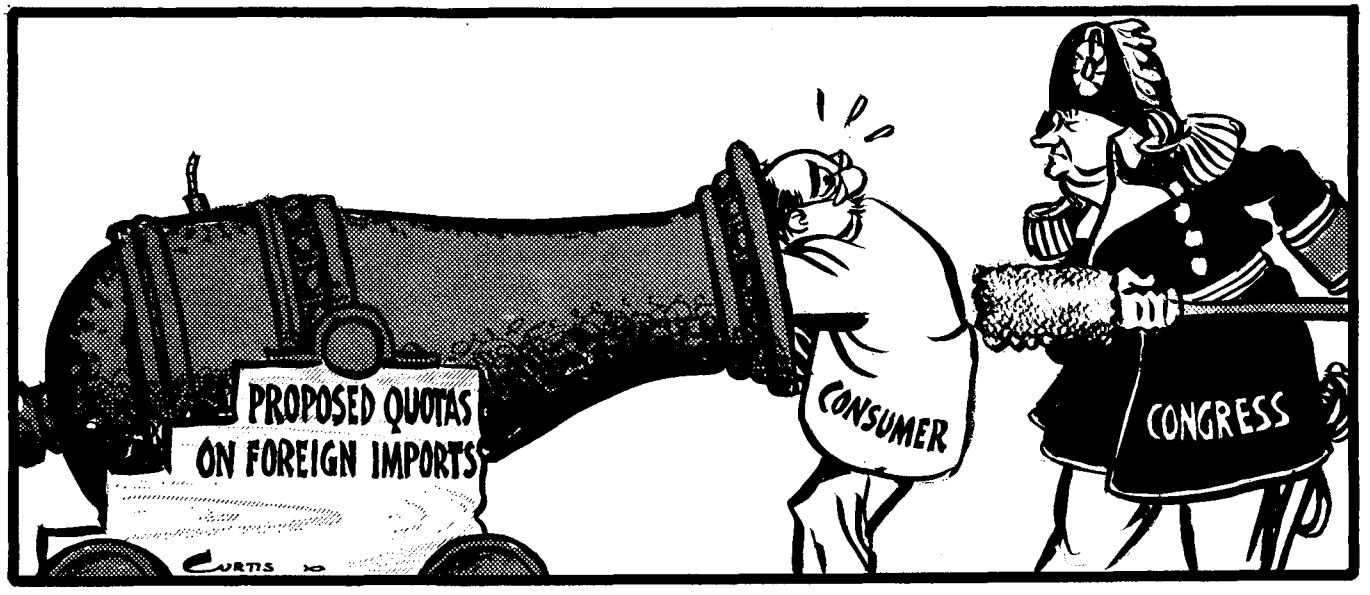
■ Chile has signed a treaty—in contravention of the OAS boycott—whereby she agrees to sell Cuba $11 million worth of foodstuffs—mainly onions, garlic, beans and wine, according to the *Times*. Chile says the treaty is "humanitarian," the report goes on, "because well-fed Cubans will be less troublesome than lean and hungry ones." A tipsy Cuban afflicted with flatulence and halitosis sounds pretty troublesome to *us*.

■ Wotta summer! First there's Cambodia and the Kent State massacre and half the Panthers are in jail and the other half are in Algeria and the Weathermen are all in hiding and there's all these damn construction workers around and now the Attorney General of Indiana, this Theodore L. Sendak, says he has a way around the no-treason-in-an-undeclared-war technicality. Dig it! "Shortly before our government concludes its negotiations for peace in Vietnam, let the Congress pass a 24-hour Declaration of War against the North Vietnamese Communist government, said declaration to expire with the war's end, and during that 24-hour period permit federal grand juries to indict for treason all those Americans who are giving aid and comfort openly to the Communist enemies of this country." Outtasite.

■ Speaking of Kent State, we note a historical precedent in the Pullman Strike of 1894, which President Cleveland put down by force. William Howard Taft, an observer, wrote to his wife at the time: "The military has so far killed only six of the mob . . . as yet, this is hardly enough to leave an impression." Times *do* change. The current crop of moral primitives tearing up the campuses has never experienced real poverty, depression, world war, squalor, violence or the firm hand of authority, all of which phenomena belong to pre-history (Before Woodstock). Thus, their failure to pass through ideological puberty; and thus their reaction to the deaths at Kent State, namely, *this* wasn't in the cards. A lot of campus stormtroopers have been having second thoughts and keeping a low silhouette.

■ For a dime, the Federal Government will sell you its new booklet, "Wild Hemp (Marijuana) and How to Control It" (illustrated). The booklet, available from the guvmint printing office or your nearest Agriculture Department agent, tells how to identify the plants and destroy them. Here, plainly, is a case of government intervention in the market (hippies will sell you the same information, with maps), aggravating the pollution problem (by recommending the plants be destroyed with herbicides rather than the preferred method, burning), establishing monopoly (the feds have their own marijuana farm in Mississippi), and in general making worse a problem that was government-caused in the first place (hemp raising was subsidized in both World Wars, the source of most "wild" marijuana today). While we have yet to stumble over the wasted body of a former account exec, sleeping off his latest pot-trip in a Mad Ave gutter, we concede there is a problem; marijuana is definitely a dangerous drug: prolonged use causes jail terms. Let us spray.

■ Academic organizations' news organs are fast becoming politicized. Take the *Sciences,* for example, the mag published by the New York Academy of the Sciences. On the cover of the June issue the president of the "non-political" academy expresses his "feeling of horror and moral revulsion" for Nixon's "illegal and immoral" extension of the war into Cambodia. The May issue of the *American Sociologist* has a lengthy article on the flock of sociologists who signed an open letter to the President condemning the war in Vietnam and calling for an imme-



"You're positive about this being a good cause?"

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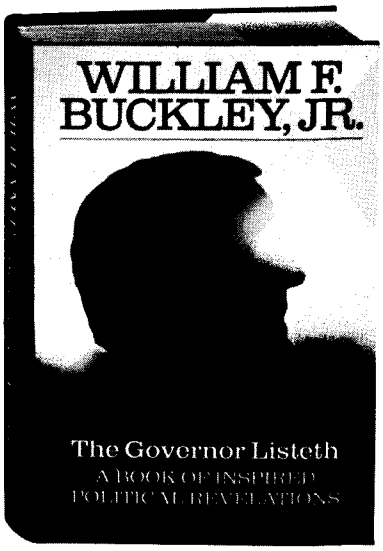

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diate withdrawal of troops. And thus the vicissitudes of the learned journals.

■ The first bits of testimony in the Charles Manson trial by Linda Kasabian, prosecution witness and former member of Manson's "family," are sordid and terrifying. Manson, who is accused of planning the murders that Mrs. Kasabian describes in chilling detail, apparently believes himself the Redeemer, and at one point, according to Mrs. Kasabian, said that "they're not going to crucify me this time as they did the last time." Given the goriness of the murders, Manson's obvious lunacy, and the sordid nature of the counterculture which nurtures such creatures, it is tempting to go after Manson and his followers with all guns blazing. But it won't quite do, and we sincerely hope that the prosecution will resist the temptation to thunder. The opening charge, that Manson was attempting to start a race war, was not promising, smacking as it did too much of the hyperbole of Chicago. The press is not sympathetic to Manson; but too much rhetorical overkill from the prosecution, and it will be. There is a double standard always at work in the media: Prosecutors must walk on eggs; defense attorneys may do what they like. Irving A. Kanarek, Manson's lawyer, is acting like William Kunstler. A cross that we, not Manson, have to bear.

■ *Psychology Today*, or *Psych* as the magazine is fondly called by those who cherish the neatsy little surveys it prints, has found itself a worthy adversary. The Rev. Dr. Beverly Madison Currin, Rector of an Episcopal church in Pensacola, disagrees vehemently with at least one article, "The Sounds of Silence," which concludes that one reason so few clergymen take stands on "relevant" issues is that they are afraid their parishioners won't follow through with pledges. Says Dr. Currin: "The basic problem is, what is our relationship with the Almighty God? That is why the Church exists, and when that question is seriously faced then the other temporary questions will find their rightful answers."

■ Everyone wants a piece of the action, whence the newly formed Computer Professionals for Peace. The group publishes a newsletter, *Interrupt 10*, and a wide selection of throw-aways on every possible subject of contention from the war in Vietnam to Womens' Lib. Taking the cue from someone else, the CPP even predicts the inevitable class struggle—between keypunch operators and computer analysts.

■ Protocol Notes: The *New York Times* (e.g., July 24) in reporting the trial in New Haven for the murder of Alex Rackley, refers throughout to Warren Kimbro, the government witness, as "Kimbro," to George Sams, another government witness, as "Sams"—and to Bobby Seale, head of the Black Panther Party and a co-defendant, as "Mr. Seale."

■ A *Daily World* (CP) story on the thirtieth anniversary of the "incorporation" of Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia into the Soviet Union, has the headline:

HOW THE BALTIC
REPUBLICS WON
THEIR FREEDOM

Heat Lightning

The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away.
—Job 1:21

Strom Thurmond, on the Senate floor,
Is not a fellow I'd ignore.
If Richard Nixon has a Mom,
I hope she'll put him wise to Strom.

You see, the Senator is mad
Because he thinks he has been had.
Miami was a Nixon prom
Because the music man was Strom.

If Mr. Nixon won't declare
For integration *everywhere*,
I say he'll definitely bomb
Some bleak November, thanks to Strom.

W. H. VON DREELE

A (truncated) Plank for The Middle East

The United States, having taken the initiative in the Middle East, got further than usual. Secretary of State William Rogers suggested a ninety-day cease-fire during which the November resolution of the United Nations be considered. The speed with which General Nasser agreed to go along surprised everybody. But, alas, only Jordan joined with him, while the fanatics insisted that nothing would slow them down in their determination to make war against Israel. The disavowal of Nasser by Syria, Iraq and the Palestinians projects him, for the first time, as a kind of moderate, as someone who might be accused in his part of the world of being soft-on-Israel. Unfortunately, it is unlikely that he will repose in that position. More likely that he will go back to concertmastering the furies he so studiously trained over the past fifteen years. And that is very very bad news.

Israel accepted the offer, making it however clear that she was promising nothing beyond the cease-fire. The Western powers are meanwhile applying pressure on the recalcitrant states, whose leaders, however, appear to worry more about the martial mood of the Arab people, than about the strategic consequences of Western displeasure.

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GUEST EDITORIAL

On Looking Back at Cambodia

The following article, from the London Sunday Telegraph, *is a retrospective analysis of President Nixon and the situation in Cambodia.*

THE FIRST and perhaps the most important point to notice about the American crisis over Cambodia is that the man in charge, President Nixon, is not what most of the American and British press say he is—a weakling posing as a warrior, a panicky opportunist trying to prove himself a heroic statesman, a chronic trickster reverting to form. His critics might be better off if he were, since weaklings, opportunists and tricksters are at least flexible and tend to bend before the wind, without waiting to be broken.

Mr. Nixon, however, is a man who does not easily give way, whose political reputation was originally made by refusing to give way; by refusing to give way, moreover, to precisely those forces of political liberalism, ideological dissent and youthful idealism which are today once again ranging themselves against him in furious condemnation.

The original occasion, of course, was the case of the American traitor Alger Hiss, hero of the American Establishment, whom Mr. Nixon single-handedly exposed, defying the whole massed weight of "informed" opinion which was convinced of his innocence.

I was in Washington during those years. Richard Nixon was the victim then of a sustained and vitriolic smear campaign. He was a social and political pariah, shunned and derided. Yet he refused to bend, and was eventually proved abundantly right, although never forgiven by those he proved wrong.

This was the beginning of the myth of "Tricky Dicky." What is the point of recalling this story today? Because it shows Mr. Nixon to be the very opposite of what his detractors accuse him of being. It shows him to be determined to the point of obstinacy, thick-skinned, single-minded and, once convinced of the rightness of his cause, relentless and ruthless in his pursuit.

It is too early to be sure that the Cambodian operation is such a cause. The signs from Washington still suggest a certain Presidential ambivalence. But if the President has set his heart on it, no amount of protest will deflect him from it.

The danger is that the North Vietnamese may have grievously miscalculated, encouraged to believe that they were dealing with a caricature rather than the reality. The overthrow of Prince Sihanouk presented them with a great temptation: to make a bid for total control of Cambodia, with all this would mean in rendering the American position in South Vietnam untenable. But in giving way to this temptation, thereby provoking the American reaction, they had pushed Mr. Nixon into the hawkish camp, without perhaps realizing what this may mean.

How could they be expected to realize, since the picture painted of the President in his own country is so grossly misleading? They probably still believe that they are dealing with a weakling posing as a warrior. This mistake, for which the American press must bear the responsibility, could cost the world a tragically high price.

But the highest price for this misunderstanding may well be paid by America herself. One reads the *New York Times*, for example, with dreadful fascination as it trots out all the arguments most certain to inflame student opinion against the Cambodian operation, practically encouraging them to take to the streets and campuses in violent opposition.

Can the Anglo-American liberal Establishment not realize that the man now in the White House is a formidable figure, who has to be taken seriously—a President who believes in his cause just as passionately as they believe in theirs and who will prove just as relentless, yes and just as violent in opposing them as they are likely to be in opposing him?

MR. NIXON is not Lyndon B. Johnson. He will not abdicate. Nor can he. It is madness to suppose that the forces of protest can humiliate two Presidents in swift succession, without calling into question the very basis of constitutional government. Better a divided America, convulsed in tumult, than one united under the domination of student princes whose idea of statecraft is inspired by nothing weightier than John Lennon's melody "All We Are Saying Is Give Peace a Chance."

What is so terrifying is that influential figures on both sides of the Atlantic are prepared to urge the President to make concessions, to take protest seriously, all in the name of avoiding strife and turmoil. The great organs of the American East Coast press lend the students their support. This is inexcusable irresponsibility. It is silly enough for students to claim, and be encouraged in so doing, to run the universities. But they are now claiming to run American foreign policy, indeed the American government. Such is the really terrifying escalation not of the war but of the movement against the war. This is what has got to be halted, peacefully if possible—the President is clearly not seeking a confrontation—but with force if necessary.

"Tricky Dicky" would certainly not be the man to stand up to the challenge. That is why it is so important that everybody should realize—and the sooner the better—that the man in the White House is not "Tricky Dicky" but somebody whose true measure his enemies both at home and abroad have always failed to take, as they may, with luck, be about to discover.

—PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE

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What I dislike most about the man is his utter failure to bring us together like he promised.

It is, as in so many other places around the world, increasingly clear that only the Soviet Union can break the deadlock. That is why the United States can do the most for peace by acting in such a way as would persuade the Soviet Union that it will be truly unprofitable to pursue her present course in the Middle East. Even as without the Soviet Union there would be no war worth noticing at this point in Indochina, without the Soviet Union there would be no escalation in the Middle East. The Communists' dilemma is of course very hard, and one must help them make their way out of it, even if it is a dilemma of their own making. If they go their present course, there will be war in the Middle East, and the sympathetic detonations of that war will very likely reach into Soviet territory. If Russia pulls out, her prestige will be greatly damaged, and her grand plan for mastery of the Mediterranean set back for yet another generation.

This last disappointment, presumably, the Soviet Union will need to suffer. We are not about to withdraw our Sixth Fleet. On the other point, the United States is in a position to help by putting decisive pressure on Israel to make complementary concessions, including the return of the captured territories, and the resettlement of the Palestinian refugees—all of this, God save us, alongside a treaty with the three major Western powers guaranteeing her frontiers. These surely are the planks for an American policy in the Middle East, and it is no longer in anybody's interest to muddle about in the sound-proof chanceries of the world looking inscrutable. It would be good, incidentally, to line up the prominent politicians of America and try to get them to make a joint statement, such as would discourage any pressure group from trying to increase its leverage in the Middle East by direct pressure on American politicians.

Indiana Dust-up

Indiana Republicans, out to unseat the vulnerable Sen. R. Vance Hartke, have zoomed from ahead to tie. The losing formula is to run formerly strong conservative Rep. Richard Roudebush, in a conservative state, under a solid conservative Republican administration, as a liberal: to compete with Sen. Harke's unpopular liberalism. This strategy was conceived by L. Keith Bulen, the state's national committeeman and chairman of the Marion County (Indianapolis) organization, and is designed to insure the continuing flow of federal bounty through Mr. Bulen's office.

Last December, State Treasurer John K. Snyder, with the backing of the Administration and leading conservatives, announced his candidacy for the Senate. Mr. Snyder is a conservative, a fine organization man, and was the Party's leading vote-getter in 1968; but he is not very colorful. Mr. Bulen having no chance to enlarge his fief advancing a liberal candidate, decided to back Mr. Roudebush, who is very well known and very popular—as a conservative. Roudebush's popularity swept the primaries, Governor Whitcomb withdrew his backing of Snyder, and Roudebush was nominated by acclamation in June. Running as a conservative, Roudebush would win handily. But in the factional dust-ups he got hooked on the Bulen strategy and placed his candidacy under Bulen's control. Now Keith Bulen has it both ways: If Roudebush loses (as his Bulen staff seems to think he will), Bulen will continue to be the dispenser of federal patronage, there being no Republican senator in Indiana; if Roudebush wins, Bulen will have a senator in his hip pocket.

With the Republican Party in a shambles, the Administration squabbling, and Rep. Roudebush playing me-too liberalism, Hartke should win in a walk. The Democrats in Indiana can't believe their good fortune.

Watching Lindsay

"The Presidency," John Lindsay once said in his interesting fashion, "is where the marbles are." Nobody doubts that he would like to play with those marbles. The question is how does he get to where they are? The two most speculated-about routes: 1) he will become a member of the Democratic Party and seek its nomination in '72; 2) he will head a welfarist-urban coalition fourth party. But he wouldn't make it either way, insists columnist Kevin Phillips. Analyzing a recent Gallup poll which runs Nixon as Republican, Lindsay as Democrat and Wallace as Independent, Phillips concludes that Lindsay's

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29 per cent is "quite poor." As a Democrat, Phillips says. Lindsay's national appeal would be parochial, just as it is in New York. "His blue-collar and lower-middle-class appeal was minimal in 1969 and remains so today. Because he was unable to appeal to this segment of the Democratic electorate, he won only 42 per cent of this segment of the Democratic electorate of the New York vote as opposed to Hubert Humphrey's 61 per cent." Only limousine liberals and welfare types want him, says Phillips, and so why should the Democratic Party? Lindsay could only win for them, "in the affluent areas of the Northeastern megalopolis . . . precisely those states where the Democrats are already ahead."

The fourth party caper is equally impractical, says Phillips. "The fact that Lindsay can lure only 9 per cent of the Republican electorate (in the Gallup poll) to his banner also suggests the probable effect of any . . . movement he might head in 1972. It would divert support almost entirely from the Democratic nominee, greatly facilitating President Nixon's re-election."

"All in all," concludes Phillips, "talk about Lindsay leading a new or bipartisan liberal coalition to national victory in 1972 seems quite implausible." Quite so, quite so.

Which Hubert D'You Read?

"The Nixon Administration, especially through Vice President Agnew, seems more intent on polarizing the American people. The Vice President is quick to pin labels on others, to use harsh language, ridicule those who do not agree with him."—Hubert Humphrey in his syndicated column in the *Washington Daily News,* March 16, 1970.

"The Vice President chose this ultra-conservative state [Utah] yesterday to excoriate the hecklers who have plagued his campaign. He labeled them extremists, followers of Nazi philosophy and enemies of America. . . . Humphrey charged that the antiwar hecklers are part of a disciplined group intent on destroying 'our democratic society as we know it.' . . . Speaking at a Boston rally . . . he called them 'mean anarchists . . . filled with hate, bitterness and bigotry.' "—Article in *Newsday,* Oct 12, 1968, about Humphrey and his hecklers.

"Humphrey told the 3,500 persons who remained at the rally that the protesters, most of them young, were 'Hitler-types, storm troopers.'—Story in the *Philadelphia Bulletin,* September 25, 1968.

"Later, as war protesters chanted at the rear of the crowd, Humphrey drew cheers when he criticized 'extremists and those who chant as if they learned it by rote, but think not.' "—Story in the *Philadelphia Bulletin,* September 9, 1968.

"Vice President Humphrey told a group of college students today that a lot of antiwar activity is 'escapism' by those 'who don't want to go out and go to work about problems in this country.' "—AP story in the *New York Times,* August 14, 1968.

Onward and Upward

How awful to be Charles Goodell. You pick up your paper and see headlines like ROCKY AGAIN DENIES DITCHING GOODELL. Regular Republicans are mad at you for opposing Nixon on Vietnam, so you say nice things about him anent the economy, and your Liberal and Democrat friends howl. Vast stretches of New York State are off-limits to you; in county after county, the Republicans want nothing to do with you. The money isn't coming in. You have this persistent headache just over your left eye, and a maddening ear-throb that goes "Buckley . . . Buckley . . . Buckley. . . ."

And how pleasant, how nice, how perfectly groovy to be a conservative Republican in New York. Daily the chorus swells: Buckley "could pull off the upset of the year" (Evans & Novak). "No third-party candidate has been elected to the U.S. Senate since Wisconsin's Robert M. LaFollette Jr. . . . but this could be the year" (Kevin "Southern Strategy" Phillips). "Could such a man conceivably be elected. . . ? The answer, surprisingly, is yes" (Anthony Lewis in the *New York Times*). "Buckley is already coming on like an express train" (Edward O'Neill in the *Daily News*).

These aren't conservatives cheering themselves up, they're sharp reporters and analysts. Time and time again the dice come up the same way: Goodell is in serious trouble, running third; it looks like an Ottinger-Buckley race, with Buckley standing an excellent chance to win. It's noteworthy that that old trend-scenter Nelson Rockefeller mentions Goodell only when he can't avoid it, that Rocky's upstate campaign will be handled by "Independents for Rockefeller," and that the state GOP is giving Goodell a measly $250,000 to campaign with.

County and local Republican organizations are defecting as well. In upstate Duchess and Franklin Counties, they have endorsed Buckley outright; in upstate Essex County, exurban Putnam and populous Nassau and Suffolk, county committees have made no endorsement at all, freeing local committees to work for Buckley. In New York City, Buckley looks to do well among Irish and Italian voters; Ottinger figures he has the Jewish vote

Calling Dr. Pavlov

Of all the words of tongue and pen
Which worry leftward-leaning men,
Few trigger warnings and alarms
Like "Sell South Africa some arms."

W. H. VON DREELE

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sewed up, and Goodell has—not much at all.

Goodell is in trouble outside the state as well. The Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, which has been known to channel as much as $100,000 to Republicans in trouble, will antagonize contributors if it gives Goodell more than a token $5,000. President Nixon is under heavy pressure to stay neutral in the race: Nobody expects him to endorse Buckley, but his conservative advisers feel that by standing aside he will help get Buckley, the Nixon man in the race, elected. Even some White House liberals counsel neutrality—they don't want the President to back a loser.

Buckley's problem now is to keep the bandwagon rolling, so that New York's non-liberal Republicans (*and* Democrats—Proccacino Democrats, who are even more numerous upstate than they are in New York City) will climb aboard. The key to that is exposure, both in person and on television, especially upstate and in the suburbs. If enough people can get enough of a look at Buckley, easily the soundest and sanest man to hit New York politics in years, then the state's non-liberal majority will stand up to be counted.

Keeping the Record Straight

The logic of the anti-Cambodia Democrats led by Lawrence O'Brien seems to be that our limited assaults against base camps along the border have resulted in massive concentration of North Vietnamese troops within Cambodia. They weren't there in force, in other words, and there was no threat from Cambodia, before our attacks. The facts prove otherwise.

The Cambodians have known and consistently opposed the presence of the tens of thousands of North Vietnamese, who for five years have overrun parts of their country. It was precisely because of the North Vietnamese invasion that the Cambodia National Assembly unanimously voted to remove Sihanouk who, the Cambodians believed, lacked the will to defend Cambodia against such invasion.

Well before the allied move, the Lon Nol government asked all friendly governments for military assistance, since a new invading force of more than forty thousand North Vietnamese regulars was already moving against Cambodian cities. The government directed a special plea for help to the United States.

The positive effects of the American intervention have been prompt and salutary. Without this American operation, undertaken with support from the South Vietnamese and Thais, Cambodia by now would have been completely taken over by the North Vietnamese. The allied thrust, which has disrupted enemy communications and destroyed massive quantities of supplies, has substantially reduced Communist pressure against the Cambodian government. Communist units now operate as roving bands rather than large, coherent military units. They manage to terrorize many points in Cambodia, but their attacks are hit-and-run. The North Vietnamese have lost the key port of Sihanoukville, through which most of their supplies came, and no longer possess the logistical backup to hold major towns and strategic points.

The record, then, seems clear enough. The back of a major North Vietnamese invasion has been broken with minimal sacrifice on the allied side; and thanks to the allied operation, Cambodia might never again figure as a major staging area for enemy attacks into South Vietnam.

Notes & Asides

■ TO: WFB
FROM: CHS
RE: TROUBLE

You may wish to pass on to the readers a resumé of our recent difficulties. Six weeks ago, the pressmen at Hildreth Press in Bristol, Conn., went out on a wildcat strike (something about a longer bathroom break, I believe). Panic! No problem, said Printing Corporation of America, Hildreth's parent firm—we'll set the type in Bristol and do the actual printing at our plant in Providence, R.I. Didn't work out that way. When the typesetters tried to go to work, the pressmen got nasty. Again, panic; again reassurances from PCA: We'll set the type in New York City and print in Providence. Problem: Most of that issue was already in type in the Bristol plant; truck sent in for it suddenly developed six (!) flat tires. (Do pressmen carry switchblades in their tool kits?) Finally got it out by *helicopter*. Put the issue together in an eleventh-floor loft on West 54th Street; it was printed in Providence and finally got in the mails—One. Week. Late. Next issue, same deal. This issue, whole new ball game: Pressmen in Providence went on strike in sympathy with pressmen in Bristol (remember them?). Solidarity forever! This issue being printed in NYC; printer hasn't much in the way of equipment which means, among other things, that we've lost several pages of advertising revenue because we can't insert reply cards. Also printer can't Dick-strip the magazines (Dick-strips are those little address labels); the only place we've been able to find can Dick-strip a mere 48,000 issues in 24 hours (2½ days to do *NR*).

Those are just the high-spots—and I haven't even mentioned the *Bulletin,* which is being typeset in a basement in Mamaroneck, printed somewhere over in the Tenderloin district, and for all I know mailed from Zap, North Dakota.

Jever hear the story about the old man in the day coach who sat holding his head and sighing "Trouble . . . trouble . . . trouble"? Man across the aisle said to him: "Say, old-timer, just what is the trouble?" Old man looked up and replied: "Well sir, my wife's in the baggage car in a

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coffin; my daughter's in the mail car having a baby and she ain't married; my little granddaughter here just wet her pants; my grandson ate the tickets and we're on the wrong train. Mister, that's trouble."

If you have ever made a contribution to a worthy conservative cause, the chances are you now wish you hadn't. Your living-room is awash with fund solicitations to an average depth of two feet, and the most maddening thing about it is that so many of them are duplicates—six identical letters of one sort, eleven of another, and so on. What a criminal waste of money—and *your* money, at that! Obviously the original beneficiary of your philanthropy callously gave or sold your name and address to some list broker who is now peddling it to every con man with a phony conservative angle.

Well, welcome to the club! Just the other day, Bill Buckley got a form-letter request for money from his own brother Jim, the senatorial candidate, addressed "Dear Fellow American." Your generosity may seem to have been abused, my friend, but at least you are not alone.

But I write to urge patience upon you, and even a certain philosophic calm. In the first place, you can be sure that NATIONAL REVIEW's active subscription list is *never* sold to anybody. In the second place, in the case of conservative lists that *are* commercially available, the waste from duplication is not so great as you think, and there is no cynicism involved whatever. And while, inevitably, your name—and mine—will sooner or later appear on not merely one but several such lists, it is far less expensive for the mailer who wants to reach us to pay a few cents for duplicate paper and postage than it would be to run the lists (some of which contain hundreds of thousands of names) through cross-checking computers to eliminate the duplications. Personally I read each solicitation letter carefully, study the letterhead for names I trust, and then decide what I can afford to contribute to those causes that strike me as having the highest merit and the greatest need.

But what to do with all those duplicate letters? Well, why not hand them out to your friends who didn't ever get a single one, poor things?

William A. Rusher
Publisher

■ Important notice. OUR PEOPLE'S Underworld has removed to Box 836, Indianapolis, Ind. 46206.

■

British Embassy,
Washington, D.C.
7 July, 1970

Dear Mr. Buckley,

I have been asked to thank you for the telegram of congratulation which you sent to The Right Honourable Edward Heath after the General Election.

Your kind thought was much appreciated.

Yours sincerely,

John Freeman

July 22, 1970

Dear Mr. Freeman:

a) I did not send a telegram of congratulations to The Right Honourable Edward Heath, b) but your letter thanking me for doing so reminds me how ill-mannered I was not to have done so, and c) emphasizes a wonderful piquancy, that the former editor of the *New Statesman* should be thanking the editor of the NATIONAL REVIEW for congratulating the people of Great Britain for emancipating themselves from the influence of the *New Statesman!*

Life *can* be worth living!

My most cordial regards,

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

■ Dear Bill:

To the best of my knowledge and belief, I *never* suggested (as per your column) that complaints against Kunstler are unjustified—indeed, I firmly believe that they are justified, I may well have said, which I *do* believe, that I think it would be a mistake to disbar him, because it would only make him a martyr. Parenthetically, Section Seventy of the Judiciary Law keeps me from saying anything about the activities of the Bar Association's Grievance Committee.

As to violating the law, I certainly made no general statement. I may have said that a boy who disapproves of the Vietnam war and is willing to resist the draft and to take the consequences of going to jail deserves respect—certainly in comparison with someone who dodges into Canada.

All of this should teach me to write things out, read them and not take any chances with my own inaccuracies or those of even well-disposed columnists!

Sincerely yours,

Francis T. P. Plimpton
Former President
New York City Bar Association

■ (From the *Village Voice,* July 2, column by Nat Hentoff) "Having become so very familiar through the years, William Buckley, I think, is regarded by many as no more than an occasionally diverting soft-shoe dancer of the 'intellectual' Right. An entertainer; hardly a thinker. But, sensing that his time may well be near, Mr. Buckley is beginning to reveal the touch of Torquemada beneath the arching eyebrows and the on-camera wintry smile. From the *New York Times* (June 24): 'CROTONVILLE, New York— . . . A premonitory whiff of repression would be salutary, William Buckley Jr. . . . told a conference of state trial judges tonight. "The opinion-making community misunderstands the usefulness of repression," Mr. Buckley told a dinner meeting of the conference, a series of seminars sponsored annually here by the State Judicial Conference. . . .' That statement doesn't make him any more of a thinker, but it does remove, I've afraid, his entertainment value."

Je ne pense pas, donc je mangerai Hentoff! **—WFB**

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CATO

WHAT ABOUT EHRLICHMAN?

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Speculation continues to grow in Washington about Senator Mark Hatfield's pulling a Eugene McCarthy and opposing President Nixon for renomination in 1972. That is the interpretation some observers put on Hatfield's cryptic reference to the possibility of a Reagan nomination by the GOP in 1972. The thinking is that Hatfield is projecting a conservative threat as a reason for the party to turn to a liberal and a dove.

Part of the speculation about Hatfield's plans comes from spectacular conservative gains in recent Oregon local party elections. This means that Hatfield, who has given the President minimal support and who has been a vigorous opponent of his Southeast Asian policy, will have primary opposition. A number of Oregon Republicans on the Hill say there is no way Hatfield can win renomination as a Republican. But if the 1970 elections strengthen Mr. Nixon, Hatfield would still have time to trim sails.

Hatfield's Presidential ambitions go back to the Republican convention of 1968. He had his acceptance speech for the Vice Presidential nomination all written out, it is reported, and was exceedingly surprised when Nixon picked Spiro Agnew. Party insiders tend to discount Hatfield's impact, even if he does run. For one thing, as Senator Goodell and others are discovering, it is hard to out-dove the Democrats on Vietnam. For another, the President, in spite of being out of touch with many conservatives and having poorish relations with Capitol Hill, has kept his grassroots political fences mended. Hatfield would probably not find extensive support among prominent local Republicans who have firm commitments to a friendly Administration in Washington.

THE Administration won a big one July 23, when the Senate approved 54 to 33 Nixon's D.C. crime package. The legislation sets new precedents in crime control.

Most publicized are the "no knock" and "preventive detention" provisions, but the questions they raise are constitutional and will be fought out between the Justice Department and the Supreme Court and ultimately resolved. A political question remains: Why did so few liberal Democratic Senators vote against the bill?

It's an election year, and only five of the no-voting Democrats are up for reelection. Among the yes voters, all running this year: Hartke, McGee, Mansfield, Moss, Pastore, Proxmire, Tydings. Apparently folks back home are anti-crime.

WHAT DOES the conservative exodus from the White House mean? Some critics of the executive branch blame the shift, in part, on John Ehrlichman, the Presidential aide on domestic matters. While Ehrlichman is, for the most part, non-ideological, he is non-ideological with a liberal bent and has recently been described by a Capitol Hill critic as "playing footsie with the liberals within the Administration."

Ehrlichman has helped sell such liberal, Administration-backed programs as the Family Assistance Plan, and it is also said that he has kept conservative alternatives from the President. ("The number of times senior Republicans who have served in Congress for ten and twenty years call up the White House and get Dwight Chapin is a scandal," commented one disgruntled GOP staffer. Chapin is one of the Presidential shock-absorbers, and, as conservative critics point out, not much of the shock ever reaches the President.) Ehrlichman recently told a Washington magazine that his political opinions paralleled those of Governor Dan Evans of Washington. Evans, like most of Ehrlichman's White House associates, is a Ripon Society liberal who supported Nelson Rockefeller at the 1968 convention.

Insiders blame Ehrlichman, in part, for the departure of a number of conservatives, including Clark Mollenhoff, John Sears, Roger Freeman and, most recently, speechwriter Bill Gavin. Presidential counselor Bryce Harlow, no fan of Ehrlichman's, is also leaving the Administration, probably in September.

Sources close to the White House attribute the choice of Joseph Rhodes, Jr. as a member of the President's Commission on Campus Unrest to Ehrlichman. (It was Rhodes who said, in effect, that Governor Reagan wanted students killed for political gain.) And the aborted appointment of liberal Democrat John Blumenthal to head VISTA was an Ehrlichman project, shot down at the last moment when 103 congressional Republicans wrote to President Nixon in protest. The story, as broadcast by much of the press, was that Blumenthal had refused to serve such a reactionary Administration. Ehrlichman's supporters tend to excuse him on the grounds that he is something of a creature of his environment—and the White House environment is measurably more to the left than it was two months ago. But Ehrlichman is also a creator of that environment, to the extent that any one man is. As such he is increasingly the object of conservative criticism.

Republicans gearing up for the 1970 and 1972 elections see the Ehrlichman problem as part of the Administration's campaign problem. The crucial fact is that the Ehrlichman-orchestrated policy of a move to the left can serve no useful political purpose. The Administration is vigorously casting off much of its conservative constituency, while making no compensatory gains elsewhere. The *New York Times* recently praised Mr. Nixon for losing a Thurmond and gaining a Whitney Young. As one disaffected Republican said, "Thurmond can deliver votes and Whitney Young can't. But maybe they think that two paragraphs of praise in the *New York Times* is better than another four years in the White House." □

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JAMES BURNHAM

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST

THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

The security operation that covered the marches of the Orangemen on the Battle of the Boyne day was a model of accurate intelligence, relevant planning, adequate briefing and disciplined execution. Its successful result was summed up by one of its directors on the day after: "A sparrow could not have coughed yesterday without being arrested."

In the joint police, army and government briefing that reviewed the events of the preceding fortnight, Northern Ireland's Minister of the Interior Bradford noted that the security forces had had to confront "many novel techniques." For example, he went on, the riot leaders were using women and children "to throw quite lethal things," such as Molotov cocktails, and marbles projected from heavy slingshots.

That little scenario has grown familiar in our epoch of revolutions. One recalls the teen-aged girls in the front line at Chicago in the struggle to liberate the Democratic Convention, and in many a campus battle with the pigs or National Guardsmen.

The young girls are cast for the same parts in the wars of the New Leftists at the universities of Germany, France and Italy, and in the streets of Paris and Berlin. Across the world it is not different—though no doubt at a "higher stage"—in the villages of Vietnam. It can be a small boy who sets or triggers the booby trap, a withered grandmother who hides a grenade in her rags, a shy beauty who shoots the head off an imperialist bandit, a peasant's roof of leaves that hides a VC machine gun post.

Moral Disarmament

Some of the women, children and aged join spontaneously or at least voluntarily in the revolutionary deployment, and some are coerced; some understand the meaning of their behavior and some don't. But the revolutionists—even comparatively young and inexperienced revolutionists—know very well what this tactic is all about, and they employ it deliberately. It is part of routine discussion and planning in New Left circles as well as VC training centers.

There is no special mystery here. This tactical use of women, children and the aged is an element of a larger revolutionary weapons system that has for its objective *the moral disarmament of the enemy.*

The disarmament effect is both direct and indirect, short-term and long. It is psychologically difficult for a non-revolutionary to hit, club, injure, shoot or bomb women, children and old people. Their presence serves as protective screen for the main force. And if the antirevolutionists finally do act "against their better instincts," their timing is likely to be off and their moves awkward because of the lingering inner conflict. Then, too, the unexpected, surprise factor sometimes makes women/children/aged unusually successful at special jobs of killing, spying, message-running, etc.

These are immediate tactical benefits. The broader strategic consequences are more significant. Policemen who club innocent girls are brutal pigs, and soldiers who fire at young boys are nothing but murderers commanded by fascist-minded madmen. All decent mankind must hate, despise and struggle against these monsters. The moral disarmament system is equipped with an entire specialized vocabulary. Force used by the police to uphold the law becomes "violence," indistinguishable from the force used on his victim by a murderer or rapist. "The people" become those who go along with the revolution. Seizure becomes "liberation." "Communicate" means silencing an opponent. And so on.

The system works as a kind of moral ju jitsu. The non-revolutionist—that is, the man who wishes to preserve, not destroy, the society in which he lives—is thrown off moral balance, morally disarmed and thereby rendered ineffectual, by a skilful tug at the very moral values he lives by of the revolutionist.

From the outside this moral manipulation seems, when once clearly understood, perhaps the basest of all ingredients of the revolutionary syndrome. But from within the revolutionary frame, it is entirely reasonable and straightforward. The revolutionist seeks, as his summum bonum, the destruction of the existing society. Whatever leads toward his goal is right; this is what defines morality, for him. And this is the "idealism" that our middle-aged nincompoops, serving on this or that commission or testifying thereto, discover in our new crop of young revolutionists. And it is an idealism, to be sure. Hitler and Stalin were idealists, too, very fervent idealists, after their fashion.

Ideals and Ideals

For the revolutionists, everything goes morally, so long as it serves or can be thought to serve his goal. But for the civilized man, not everything goes; some things are excluded even if they serve or might seem to serve *his* ideals. The revolutionist maneuvers the civilized man into a situation where he can counter the revolutionist's operation only by violating, or seeming to violate, his usual morality.

The dilemma is hard to escape: either the civilized man takes the required action and suffers a debilitating guilt, or he fails to take it and the revolutionist is unchecked. This dilemma generalized leads many civilized men to abandon the contest as morally intolerable, in the sense that it cannot be won except by means civilized men cannot choose to employ. Is it not this feeling that has driven many troubled Americans to oppose the Vietnam war and demand unconditional withdrawal? But if this feeling is really justified, then the revolutionist has truly discovered the ultimate weapon. He need only make revolutionary struggle barbaric enough, and the civilized opponents of revolution will resign. And so it seems to be happening. □

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THE COURT

The Right To Be Nude

GEORGE F. WILL

CONSTITUTIONAL LAWYERS and other connoisseurs of recent nonsense may recall that the Queen of Hearts urged Alice to believe impossible things. She said, "When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast."

For those who enjoy such consciousness-expanding exercises, I offer this *relevant* version: Concoct First Amendment reasonings more absurd than those vented by a liberal Supreme Court or an average faculty meeting. For example, consider the following.

Imagine a naked man gets on a bus, causing the other passengers acute embarrassment, which they can only avoid by the inconvenience of changing buses.

Suppose this occurs in a community that is a repository of the most advanced thinking—say, Ann Arbor, Michigan. The Ann Arbor authorities weigh the right of the passenger to travel naked against the virtues of giving the offended passengers relief. They balance the naked man's interest in traveling naked, the possibility of redeeming social value from his performance, the degree of offense suffered by other passengers, and the inconvenience they must experience to escape offense.

While all this weighing and balancing is going on, the naked traveler volunteers the information that he considers his performance a matter of private taste, and in no way a social service.

This attitude is a bit thick, even for Ann Arbor, so the community authorizes the constabulary to put the naked passenger off the bus and, if necessary, into the clink. This is done under a law prohibiting indecent exposure.

The passenger continues to try riding naked, gets convicted, gets feisty and gets a writ of certiorari. Before you can say "Areopagitica," Justice William O. Douglas, speaking for a slender five-man majority, is striking down the ordinance that afflicted the naked passenger.

Douglas acknowledges that the naked passenger never tried to attach social importance to his behavior. In fact, his appeal did not cite any particular part of the Constitution. He appealed only on the ground that the Ann Arbor ordinance is "a drag" which hinders him in doing his "thing." With crushing logic the passenger argued that "a drag" is a bad thing, and that there is a constitutional guarantee against all bad things.

Douglas praises the man's "spunky transcendence of legalisms." But, he says, the remedy can rest on firm and familiar legal ground. The naked man's indolent disavowal notwithstanding, Douglas insists that riding naked amounts to the expression of an "idea" which "criticizes" prevailing mores. Douglas gives short shrift to the idea that the offense suffered by the passengers deserves legal remedy:

> Forceful advocacy of new ideas is often unsettling, as Socrates, Galileo and Henry Ford learned. But our progress as a people depends on the bold expression of new ideas that shatter smug and sterile orthodoxies. Who would have us become a nation where the bravest idealists and dissenters face punishment for the service they render by shocking the lethargic multitudes? Every idea is an incitement and sloth is antisocial.

"Eternal eccentricity is the price of liberty." Douglas declares. "The only change we have to fear is change which strikes at

national fundamentals. Openness to every change is the essence of American Life."

Strong men weep as Douglas proves society's stake in the passenger's liberty:

> The best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself through the marketplace of ideas without getting arrested. Thus we must be vigilant against arrests of nonconformists, lest the test of truth be prevented from running full course. The peculiar evil of silencing dialogical dress is that it robs the human race of a stark opinion, and of the stimulus to rethink our mouldy convictions. Certainly any nation that can afford to land men on the moon cannot afford to rob itself.

Douglas is particularly stern about what he calls "the attempt to freeze into legal orthodoxy a clothing custom which needs constant testing in the marketplace of ideas."

> The bold men who launched the experiment we call America understood that clothes do not make the man, nor do they determine the fate of nations. Fighting faiths about fashion come and go. But the Republic lives. Benjamin Franklin shocked the Court of St. James' by appearing in homespun cloth. Thomas Jefferson often wore shabby bedroom slippers when greeting distinguished visitors. These Founders understood that true Americanism—the inalienable right to do your own thing—would not disappear with the passing of the powdered wig.

DOUGLAS NOTES that the law forbidding indecent exposure fails the test of constitutionality on two grounds. First, the phrase "indecent exposure" is "vague" and hence the defendant was denied due process by being brought to trial on a "vague" charge. "Surely 'decency' is a question of taste," Douglas notes, "and you cannot argue a man into liking a glass of gin." Second, and more important, the local ordinance involves an exercise of the police power that violates the constitutional protection of free speech.

Douglas argues that, regardless of the defendant's intention or claim, public nakedness is "symbolic speech" and that an ordinance "abridging" it is the thin end of the totalitarian wedge. With solemn eloquence the Justice warns:

> We should never forget that Mussolini made many people wear uniforms. Hitler required Jews to wear distinctive clothing. If the state can require people to wear clothes, where will it stop? It is an axiom of government that the power to clothe is the power to destroy. If the opinions of naked bus passengers are proscribed, who among us is beyond the reach of the rampaging censor? Who among us does not fear the all-too familiar slogan, "Today the body, tomorrow the mind"?

Douglas concludes with the prediction that if government is allowed to silence dissenting ideas about clothing, the nation will be launched down a slippery slope to suffocating orthodoxy. □

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WOMEN'S LIB

Emancipation or Degradation?

JOHN LUKACS

DURING THE Middle Ages morality was not separable from religion. This inseparability lasted for a long time. Eventually morality survived the disappearance of religion, especially in certain Protestant nations. During the Second World War, for example, peoples among whom practitioners of religion were now a very small minority (Scandinavians, English) behaved better than many others among whom a far larger proportion were regular churchgoers, not to speak of Germans and Austrians on whom certain pagan and tribal appeals had a strong hold. This enduring decency of the English-speaking and also of other northwestern European peoples was not, however, the result of the kind of atheistic humanism that existed elsewhere in Europe, the virtues of which intellectuals had preached, believing that this higher kind of man-made morality would simply succeed the disappearance of Christianity. There is reason to believe that the relatively moral behavior of the English, for example, was the often unconscious result of tradition rather than of cerebration, that there remains to this day a deep religious undercurrent in the consciousness of these peoples who were, after all, only superficially affected by the intellectual categories of a Cult of Reason.

Still, at the time of this writing this is scant consolation. The kind of moral consciousness that had its origins in a religious upbringing—whether in the life of peoples or in the life of a single person—may survive the decay of religious belief for a surprisingly long time, but surely not forever. The English, the American, the Scandinavian peoples may yet have to drink the bitterest cups and swallow the dregs of despair. Moreover, the high standards of morality among these peoples were effective in their civic, social, public lives: They reflected a concern with injustice, rather than with untruth. Fairness, rather than honesty, is the great English virtue. At this point I must say that in our critical situation this is no longer enough.

The great moral crisis of our time has penetrated to the innermost core of human beings; it is even more personal than it is social. The profoundest problems of morality involve, after all, what people do (and how they think) with their own selves: in other words, what people do privately (or, rather, what they think of their own acts). It is therefore that the problem of sexual, that is, of carnal, morality is at the center of the moral crisis of our times; it is not merely a marginal development. The overwhelming majority of commentators of course say (though they do not always think) the contrary. They believe that the newly found freedom in sex is only a long overdue consequence of the broader realization that the old forms of tradition and society no longer serve. They could not be more wrong.

AFTER ABOUT 1890 the bourgeois morality of the nineteenth century was breaking up. The prime result of this in the first decades of the twentieth century was what people rather euphemistically called the emancipation of women. Legally, politically, socially, women were now to enjoy all of those privileges that had been, by and large, the monopoly of men. Some of these reforms were overdue and reasonable. Most of their results were extremely confusing since they involved ultimately not so much the legal or the social as the sexual situation of women. The earlier ideals of virginity, of chastity, of the indissolubility of marriage faded. Women would now bare their legs in public, perhaps for the first time since the fall of Rome. These seemingly revolutionary changes in mores and fashions burst forth during the half-decade after the First World War. Compared to this the so-called fashion revolution of the Sixties amounted to little. On the other hand this revolution was not as thorough-going as most people believed. Women were still torn between their desire to dress and to undress. Virginity may no longer have been much of an ideal, especially in the Protestant nations; but giving birth out of wedlock was still a kind of social catastrophe, paradoxically because of the greater democratization of society. Divorce was not acceptable; but the more or less open practice of extramarital adultery became slightly less common than before while the institutions of the mistress and the gigolo were disappearing. Most important, there was an inherent contradiction in the results of the sexual emancipation. The idea (it was a masculine idea, for this surely was not written on the countenances of Miss Pankhurst's suffragettes) of elevating women from sexual objects to sexual partners simply failed. No matter how they wriggled their clothes down to bikinis or mini-skirts, girls on the beach, secretaries in offices, lonely women on vacation could not wriggle out of the feminine chrysalis of expectant passivity: they could choose in theory, not in practice; indeed, their act of choice narrowed down to refusal or consent. The cunning art of sexual choice in which women had excelled through centuries degenerated. The whole idea of sexual partnership did not get off the ground, indeed, it hardly got into bed. Women were now sexual objects more than before.

These are serious matters. They should not be treated with frivolity. For the liberal prophecies were, as usual, wrong, and their baneful consequences abide with us. The emancipation of women has not led to a more harmonious understanding between the sexes. Prostitution has not disappeared; venereal diseases went on fluctuating; illegitimacy rose rather than fell. The free discussions of sexual matters, together with the enormous vogue of Freudian psychoanalysis, solved little; as a matter of fact hordes of men and women were now unhappy and troubled with their sexual lives. This phenomenon is of the greatest importance. For one thing, it demonstrates how the publicizing of certain acts actually stimulates their occurrence, the very opposite of what the liberal purveyors of pornography have been preaching. More important, it points to a function of causality that is still far from being adequately understood. This is that the anticipation of something may indeed be the cause of it, whereby the mechanical relationships of causes and effects are often reversed. It is certainly arguable that the principal "cause" of divorces in the twentieth century was that the categorical possibility of divorce existed, that at least one of the causes of sexual frustration was the knowledge that sexual

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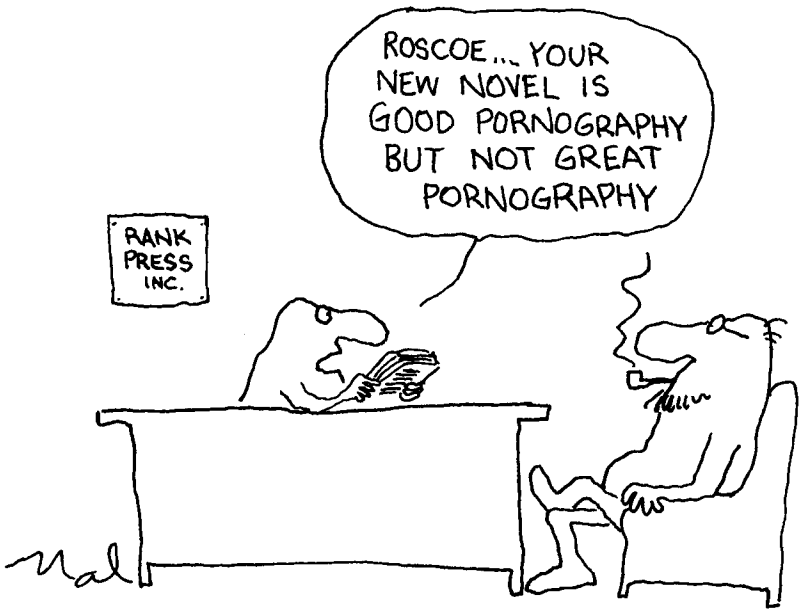
frustration (like a "nervous breakdown") existed as an admissible, recognizable, analyzable, curable social category. Again we meet my principal theme: the increasing intrusion of mental factors into the structure of events, very much including those personal events that, according to Dr. Freud, are the results of our "deepest" drives. People speak, rightly, of the enormous hypocrisies whereby these drives had been suppressed during the Victorian era. At the same time there is not the slightest evidence that our minds are less preoccupied with sex than were those of our ancestors: the opposite is true. Our lives are inundated with sexual allusions and sexual imagery. Sexual freedom, increasing nudity, and the legalization of pornography have not made our daily lives easier: far from it.

But this massive assault of sexual imagery and suggestiveness from the outside is only one element in our condition. There is something that is more important. The present preoccupation with sexuality may reflect the recognition that sexual acts include, after all, perhaps the last residues of a mysterious privacy that no longer exists in a standardized and mechanical world. I write "sexual acts," not "the sexual act" because there seems to be occurring yet another very important mutation in the evolution of our consciousness. We are beginning to be aware that the act of coitus is not the end, not the deepest, or even the acutest, kind of experience of human flesh. Let me explain what I mean. There are reasons to believe that by 1970 many people in the Western world behaved in bed differently than had their ancestors. For one thing, in 1870 people made love without saying much at all. By 1970 they were talking to each other, before and sometimes even during the sexual act—surely a sign that the intense awesomeness of it was no longer the same. Its meaning became different—therefore it *was* different. For another thing, women and wives were now told and taught that they were to reach the same peaks of sexual satisfaction that were previously supposed to have been the monopoly of their men and husbands. This was another imbecile outcome of primitive propaganda parading in the disguise of sophistication. It caused a lot of trouble, as women were told to forget that their satisfaction is of a different, though by no means less deep, nature than that of men, for a number of reasons, not all of them anatomical (while a man can use a women as a sexual object, a woman cannot so use a man). Women would eventually recover their senses; girls would not. Last but not least, men and women were beginning to recognize something that Freud had missed, though his epigone Adler, who invented (or, rather reinvented) the inferiority complex, came closer to the truth: that even more important than the actuality of the sexual act was the imaginary relationship of the partners. Therefore the imaginations of men and of women, rebelling instinctively against the abstract notion of sexual equality, began to be attracted by different forms of degradations, by ugly variants of those two ugly words, sadism and masochism. In plain English, the sexual act, which for centuries meant the ultimate goal, the full culmination of romantic desire, was now something too plain. Out of this came a mass indulgence in the practices of perversions and of degradations.

THIS KIND of human realization is something sadly, and frighteningly tragic. It corresponds to the surfeit of affluence, to the spoiled and corrupt state of our societies. At first sight all of this is nothing but the typical reaction of a sick society to the approaching end of the world. This is largely true: but there is also something more to this than the exaggerated reactions of anti-Puritanism or than the excrescences of idle minds consumed with boredom. It reflects, too, an expansion—or, rather, the wish for an expansion—of the imagination of ordinary men and women, a mutation, perhaps a quantum jump, in the internal evolution of consciousness. It is a beginning of the spreading realization that the sexual act may not be the end of an aspiration but the beginning of a relationship. Women have always known this, in one way or another. For men Byron's immortal platitude remained valid, at least until recently: love, all of woman's world, was but part of man's existence. Going through the lonely, neon-lit darkness of their days men were now discovering their enormous inner need for love. For many sensitive young men in 1970 Byron's essentially traditional and feudal apothegm of 1810 was no longer true. In a loveless, meaningless, and untruthful world love was becoming more than a portion of their existence, more than a response to a merely transitory need. This increase in imaginative sensitivity, probably even more than the insensitive personal responsiveness of modern women, may explain at least partly the extraordinary extent of homosexuality, especially in the English-speaking countries. It became far more widespread than Lesbianism, men being more imaginative than women; for homosexuality is only rarely the result of hereditary hormonal imbalance: it is a disease not of the flesh but of the spirit, not of the body but of the imagination.

We have now entered a world where love is becoming, curiously enough, more and more necessary and even practical. Among us there exist a happy few whose internal lives will be marvelously safe from much of the terror and loneliness of the new Dark Ages. They will have discovered that love, like inspiration, cannot be conceived as a gift of the



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Gods, a divine breath of bliss coming from without. They will have learned that, like inspiration, love must come from within: that, like imagination, it is a flower that must be cultivated with constancy, beyond its first bloom so that it will eventually grow into the kind of profound respect that constitutes the very dignity of human love. A little more than one hundred years ago Tolstoy (who had a Puritan and barbaric streak within him) began *Anna Karenina* with this most sentimental and philistine sentence: "Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way." In our times the opposite is rather true. Thus some people learn that even temporary happiness is not something coming from the outside, that it is not the result of divine intervention or of body chemistry or of sexual mechanics but that it is a human creation—a minority, with sufficient inner resources, who, unlike a century ago, will not be pitied or superficially respected but admired and secretly envied by the most sophisticated among their neighbors because of their fidelity to their spouses and because of their loyalty to their families. (The seal of virginity, too, may rise in popular esteem as a rare thing, marking the inviolate integrity of the desirable best.) All of this will not signify a return to an older morality which was, at any rate, full of holes; it will signify, rather, another stage in the "internalization" of the human condition, in the evolution of human history which may be, after all, summed up as *the slow spiritualization of the flesh.*

The growing recognition that our imaginative needs are passing beyond the act of coitus *in depth* as well as *in time* are part and parcel of this evolution. By *depth* I mean recognition of the condition that the momentary carnal union of two persons is but another step to a further deepening of their relationship; by *time* I mean the recognition that the sexual act may not be the end but the beginning of something in their lives, the quality of which depends on its endurance as much as its endurance depends upon its quality.

Let us not be carried away with high hopes! Such people now exist, the salt of the earth; they will be living among us until the end of time. How much their example will mean to others is quite another question. For meanwhile the dissatisfied frenzy of the sexual preoccupation of minds goes on. Leaving all moralizing aside, it does not take much insight to discover in the crowding manifestations of this frenzy, very much including its fascination with degradations, not merely the despair of millions of hopeless and lonely people but the existence of a death-wish of an entire civilization. I am not indulging in apocalyptic theologizing. I am pointing at the desire to fuse the moment of the culmination of carnal pleasure and the moment of spiritual death into one. For women the culmination of sexual desire has often carried with itself a sense of annihilation. That, of course, is a temporary sensation. But just as a moment of our lives may be the microcosm of our entire life, this kind of death-wish, more and more typical in contemporary aspirations of men and women in the West, may reflect the death-wish of its peoples. Propagated under the false and superficial auspices of sexual liberation, this now spreads like an oil-slick over millions of formerly untouched lives, besmirching and covering large areas of the consciousness of peoples. The desire to be raped and overwhelmed by brute primitive force from the outside becomes the goal of the pursuit of pleasure, especially for people who no longer trust, or even know, their own capacity of being able to create their own happiness. Carnally speaking—or, rather, *thinking*—far more people in this world wish to be dominated than to dominate. This is where the half-baked idea of the legalized "pursuit of happiness"—with all the respect due to the moderate wisdom of the American Founding Fathers, perhaps the emptiest phrase ever written in a declaration of *independence*—has eventually led us. □

POME

Ode to a Dead Union Suit

or

Tighten Your Brain and Count to Six

Once upon a time an obscure Greek poet by the name of Homer,
Decided that war was not only unthinkable but fomer
Stwictly mowal point of view was immowal,
Cwuel, unkind, sadistic and quawal-
Some. Not only that but, poetically speaking, it had no whythm,
No whyme, meter, stanza, image, stwucture or dynamythm.
And so one day when Ulysses, King of Ithaca, politely asked him
how his poetry was developing,
And why not come down to the palace sometime and give us a line or
two about the untimely demise of the suitors of his faithful
wife, Peneloping,
He said, "O king. While I fully appwove of the medicare you have
arranged for Polyphemus,
And admiwe you for putting through that legislation to wipe out urban
Blight in Troy, still, it semus
To me that in other matters you are nothing but a warhawk,
And instead of peace and negotiation all we ever get from you is a martalk
Of the need for hot pursuit of the former now wepentant hot pursuers
of your wife;
And not only that but that bellicose boy of yours, Telemachus, shoots
a few of them every day,
For what he imagines as their unforgivable conduct in your absence
toward his pitiless mother, Penelopay.
Why, you are little better than that heel, Achilles-
May his spirit be in torment tilles
Sorry for poor Hector.
And I think it's high time you take that bloodthirsty wife of yours
aside, too, and corrector."
And this single incident shows that ancient Greece
Is the fount and mother of that sacred noble right: free speece;
You ask, "How did the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* get written then?"
Who knows?
Maybe Ulysses, never at a loss, showed young Homer how he bends his bows.

JOHANNES EFF

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THE BRIDGE AND THE LEGEND

Teddy Kennedy could drive off the bridge at Chappaquiddick again this summer and still be re-elected. To understand why, you have to understand what the Kennedys did for the once-despised South Boston Irish

Why Massachusetts Loves The Kennedys

FRANCIS RUSSELL

ANOTHER SUMMER comes to Cape Cod; the herring have long finished their run, the shad-bush has lost its whiteness and the lilacs are by. On Hyannis Port's high hill above the Kennedy compound they have taken down the wooden shutters from the little mock-gothic Episcopal church, St. Mary's-by-the-Sea. Surrounded by a tangle of broom, dominated by its square field-stone tower with four eroded gargoyles, St. Mary's at first glance looks real-gothic. Like the church, most of Hyannis Port hibernates, but it is a classy somnolence unlike the uneasy dormancy of honky-tonk Hyannis two miles or so away. Almost as many hippies converge on Hyannis as on Provincetown, to the disgust of the tourists many of whom have American flag decals on their windshields. The latter throw coins into the reflecting pool of the John F. Kennedy Memorial, and twice a day a man in rubber hip boots gathers up the take with a squeegee. The money goes to charity. "I wish I made as much a year as I rake up," he remarked morosely the last time I was there.

Looking down the hill on a July morning, I can just make out the widow's walk and the sprouting television mast of Father Joe's house in the Kennedy compound. The other houses are hidden by the interlacing greenery. But this year the compound no longer seems a focal point. Father Joe is gone. Jackie's house is empty, so is Bobby's and even Ted's—or so they seem to be, except for the occasional week-end when the local police block the road to St. Mary's. Rose, the matriarch, may or may not be there. All except one of the sentry boxes that surrounded the compound when Jack was President have now been removed. It is not really a very private place, but Father Joe was still emergent when he

forsook the Irish summer enclave of Hull for Cape Cod. Directly below St. Mary's is a spit of land running to an isolated peninsula with three or four large houses on it. If he had been more sophisticated at the time he would have bought the peninsula rather than the piecemeal section that the tourists now flock to see. Ted would not have had to get his second and more secluded house across the bay at Squaw Island. But I suppose one had to start somewhere.

I notice they are building a new house on the edge of the peninsula, complete with fake windmill. Hyannis Port is full of fake windmills, as if there were something of the wind's whim in the sub-town's opulence, its overly white houses and manicured lawns and too little privacy. The bay on this bright morning is full of sails. Across the golf course, beyond the marshes, I can see the outline of Falmouth and to the left Martha's Vineyard almost as part of the mainland. Farther out to sea is the brief low hump of Nantucket. Then a half-turn to the left and I am looking at Hyannis Harbor and the compound's concealing greenery. Here the two ends meet: Hyannis Port and Martha's Vineyard. It is almost a year now since Ted drove his car off the bridge at Chappaquiddick, and the release of the inquest report in the late spring has written an official finis to the incident. On Cape Cod the scandal has the aspect of a palimpsest, with the May trial of the Provincetown handyman and drug addict, Antone Costa, for the murder and dismemberment of two young women almost blotting out the report. Ted, like any politician from Boss Platt to his own grandfather Honey Fitz, trusts that time will blur if not obliterate. Hopefully the vague shadow of the bridge will not darken the image of the peace candidate, the unwearying spokesman for the war-weary, the idol of the young and the university intellectuals, whose voice is a clarion call to "stop the war. Stop the ABM. Stop the MIRV. Stop the arms race." Yet for the moment the bridge still casts a long shadow, long enough perhaps to reach to 1972.

Chronology

"If Ted had only told the truth," a Boston politician said to me, "if he'd just admitted he was driving down to the beach with a pretty girl to look at the moon, he'd have had every husband in the country solidly behind him." The whole sad incident was a simple one, and it seems extraordinary that it took a complication of legal experts and speech-writers headed by Theodore Sorensen to write the account that Ted gave on television a week later. Once he had given this face-saving version, it hung around his neck like a dead albatross. That was his story, and he was stuck with it. He

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could not change it without making himself out a calculating liar. He could not keep it without being exposed to its contradictions.

Could he, while driving Mary Jo Kopechne back to the Edgartown ferry, have made the wrong turning from the macadam road to the bumpy dirt road and continued the three-quarters of a mile to the Dyke bridge? Judge Boyle at the inquest decided that "Kennedy and Kopechne did not intend to return to Edgartown and that Kennedy did not intend to drive to the ferry slip and his turn into Dyke Road was intentional." Ted had driven over the bridge that afternoon to go swimming, as he admitted at the inquest. Several times that day he had driven up and down the macadam ferry road. How could he make a false turn under such circumstances? How could he help but be instantly aware of it if he had? I have tried to ask myself what I should have done in the event of such an accident. It seems to me I should have rushed to the nearest house, pounded on the door and shouted for help. Ted on the other hand trudged a mile and a quarter past several houses without making any attempt to summon anyone. Perhaps there were no lights, as he said, perhaps he was in a state of shock. Still, he was able to walk the distance and to talk coherently when he arrived at the cottage where his party was still going on. Then he drove back to the bridge with those two obscure figures, Joseph Gargan and Paul Markham. The water had risen but the wheels of the overturned car were still visible. Markham and Gargan stripped and dove down, and Gargan claims he actually managed to get inside the car. But they, though in no state of shock, made no effort to summon help. Ted said he could not bear the thought of calling Mary Jo's parents, his mother and his wife in the middle of the night to tell them that she was dead. Yet he could have called the police or the fire department. In fact, as he walked back, he passed a red-lighted fire alarm box.

Yet neither he nor his hangers-on did anything. "Don't upset the girls," Ted told them. Let us believe his story. Gargan and Markham took him to the ferry slip and he swam across the channel to Edgartown. The other two drove back to the cottage where they spent the night, still silent, still doing nothing about the girl in the car. Ted, in his room at Edgartown's Shiretown Inn, changed his clothes. At 2:25 A.M. the proprietor noticed him in the courtyard, outwardly tranquil at least. He asked the time and complained that the loud party next door kept him from sleeping. Was this inner agitation, or was it an attempt to establish an alibi of having spent the night at Edgartown? Ted returned to his room, coming downstairs at 7:30 and stopping at the desk to ask the clerk to order him a copy of the *Times* and the *Boston Globe*. Then, according to his inquest story, he met a sailing competitor and talked with him for a half an hour about the race of the day before. One cannot look into people's hearts, but on the surface at least it seems coldblooded, with Mary Jo locked in the car underwater.

Gargan and Markham, still keeping their silence, left the cottage and came over on the ferry at about eight. On meeting Ted, they recrossed to use the telephone on the ferry slip. Ted's first call was neither to the police nor for any assistance, but to his family legal adviser Burke Marshall. By this time the news of the accident was out on the island although the names of those involved were not yet known. The rest of the story is too familiar to bear repeating. Yet, if one can make any final judgment it is this: The accident itself was one that might have happened to anyone driving over that bridge at night at twenty miles an hour. But the actions of Ted and his hangers-on after the accident seem motivated more by concern for the Kennedy legend than by any thought of a girl trapped underwater in a car. Ted admits that his not reporting the accident until the next morning was indefensible. What remains really indefensible is that no one attempted to summon help.

The Massachusetts Irish

In a theatrical television gesture Ted offered to resign his Senate seat if the people of his state had lost their confidence in him. He need not have worried. After his broadcast the outpourings of devotion to him in Massachusetts were maudlin, how maudlin one could best judge by listening to the talk radio stations. Even if Ted should repeat the Chappaquiddick misadventure this summer, he would be re-elected in November. For the Kennedy legend in Massachusetts is unassailable.

The Kennedy compound below me in the morning sunshine now seems a part of the irrevocable past, on its way to becoming a National Shrine. I find myself reflecting again on the historicity of the legend, how differently it developed outside and inside Massachusetts. Nationwide it quickly grew to a myth of youth and martyrdom, of a vanished Camelot. One tends to forget that in the 1960 campaign both candidates received their nomination by political hocus-pocus with a minimum of popular demand, that a number of pre-election bumper stickers read: NEITHER ONE. And of course Jack Kennedy did have charm and wit and spontaneity—though after Eisenhower almost anyone in the White House would haved seemed witty and intelligent. In the days before Dallas, Kennedy's popularity was beginning to slip. If he had lived he would in all probability have foundered in the bog of Vietnam even as Johnson did, and even as Nixon still may. For his was the initial commitment. Jack Kennedy in his death gave an image and a legend to his country; in his native state he had created the image long before he was elected President.

What he represented in and to Massachusetts was that periodic phenomenon of history, the emergence of a new class. I realized that on the first and only occasion I ever saw him, in the autumn of 1952 when I was driven to Springfield to hear Adlai Stevenson about whom I was writing an article for an English paper. Young Congressman Kennedy was then on the platform with members of the Democratic State Committee to welcome Stevenson to Massachusetts. They were led by the waddling Governor Dover, a man so gross that the Parker House is said to have provided a special basement exit for the occasions when he had difficulty in maneuvering down the front steps. I wrote at the time:

> Those assembled machine politicians were of the second generation: heavy-jowled, heavy-paunched Neanderthal types. The shoulders of their suits were vast and padded, their ties were hand-painted in rainbow tints, and their eyes had that curiously beady look that one finds only in politicians, undertakers and professional baseball players. Stevenson, the mutely dressed academic Hamlet, and third generation congressman in his narrow-shouldered suit and regimental-striped tie seemed from another world.

It began of course with the Irish Famine years, that disaster of the 1840s that in less than a decade sent a million and a half Irish refugees to North America. Because the Cunard terminus was then in Boston, most of those landing stayed there, overwhelming the brick Yankee town like a locust plague. De-

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feated peasants, over half of them illiterate, three-quarters of them without a trade, the newcomers were and remained the bottom of the social pyramid. "A race," said Boston's Mayor Lyman with antiseptic fastidiousness, "that will never be infused with our own, but on the contrary will always remain distinct and hostile." It was a view shared in reverse by educated Irish leaders like O'Donovan Rossa who lamented "the wreck and ruin of the Irish race in the New World."

Something for the Boys

The life-span of the newly arrived immigrant was fourteen years. Theodore Parker noted that one rarely saw a grey-haired Irishman. The death-rate on the "coffin ships" coming over was 5 per cent. During the 1850s an Irish laborer could not earn enough to keep his family. In the depression at the start of the Civil War the newcomers of East Boston and the North End starved. Transplanted Irishmen furnished the casual labor—the ditchdiggers, hod carriers, carters, stevedores and stable boys. Appalled at these swarming foreigners the Old Yankees, the men of property, withdrew to their Beacon Hill-Back Bay enclaves as they surrendered political control. In their abdication they became sterile, fearful, subsiding into the stereotype of the Boston Brahmin—a term that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes had coined to describe a bread-and-water asceticism of the mind and that now became a mask of hauteur against the newcomer.

Unlike the Jews who came later and rose quickly, the Irish were slow risers. They were not people of the book. Their native cohesiveness found its easiest outlet in politics. The younger immigrants formed gangs in the spirit of the Whiteboys, barroom associations that from controlling streets and blocks spread out precinct by precinct, ward by ward, until City Hall itself loomed in view. Yet it was almost forty years after the Famine before Boston elected its first Irish mayor, Hugh O'Brien, and another eighteen elapsed before the Celtic grip on City Hall was consolidated by the election of Patrick Collins. O'Brien and Collins were the political equivalents of John Boyle O'Reilly, men of unflinching honesty and integrity but with slight understanding of the social process. They saw the future of their people as an accommodation with the unaccommodating Yankees. O'Reilly twined the entrance of his *Pilot* building with green *and orange* ribbon on St. Patrick's Day. Collins refused to admit that there was such a thing as an Irish vote. "Americans we are," he declaimed. "Americans we remain."

What Collins and O'Reilly in their high-mindedness failed to realize was that politics was a way of life and perhaps almost the only mobile way of life for their compatriots, that the mean streets of East Boston and what had now become the proletarian Celtic matrix of South Boston did not need accommodation but jobs and hand-outs and unconsidered assistance in distress that the Yankees in their thrifty cash ethic would not provide—something for the faithful, something for the out-of-lucks, something for the boys. Those who followed where O'Brien and Collins had blazed the trails understood perfectly. They felt no obligation to observe the rules made by those who had exploited them. John F. "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald's election as mayor in 1905 was as decisive a moment in Boston's history as General Howe's evacuation of the British and Tories 129 years earlier.

When Mayor Collins died in office in 1905, President Cleveland said of him: "In public life he was strictly honest and sincerely devoted to the responsibilities involved." With one accidental exception it was the last time that this could be said of a Boston mayor for the next half-century. If anyone had said this of Honey Fitz, he would have had to cross his fingers and smile. Under the new mayor, City Hall became a place of high politics and low comedy. "Thieves in the House," Honey Fitz's biographer entitled his chapter on that first administration. Under Honey Fitz the streets were literally paved with gold. Contractors were paid for each side of a paving brick. New categories of jobs were invented: Tea Warmers, Tree Climbers, Wipers, Rubber-Boot Repairers, watchmen to watch watchmen, even a City Dermatologist.

Honey Fitz was to be eclipsed by his enemy, a tougher, cleverer, more relentless and certainly more flamboyantly entertaining political buccaneer, James Michael Curley, who would eventually drive him from public life. It was the era of Edwin O'Connor's "Hurrah" boys, of Honey Fitz's "Dearos" (so-called from his stump references to the "dear old North End"), of Curley's transmogrified Tammany; clownish, dispreputable, profitable, a good show and always one in the eye for Beacon Hill and "that place across the river"—as Harvard was known in South Boston. Looked at reminiscently the period becomes a kind of vaudeville: Honey Fitz capering on the top of a cab and singing "Sweet Adeline," as king of the revels with his blonde queen Toodles Ryan at the old Woodcock Hotel; Jim Curley photographed *en smoking* or snapped in a coon coat and "iron mike" on St. Patrick's Day, meeting the scandal publisher of the *Telegram*, Enwright, on State Street and knocking him into the gutter, swaggering in to the City Hall Barbershop with a pail of beer for all comers, reciting the Lord's Prayer at a rally and pausing to mutter under his breath "Get that sonofabitch who's heisting my coat!"; David I. Walsh and his "boys in the band" at the Lenox, never in all the years mentioned in print. So much was known, so much remained aural. I remember talking with the newspaperman who wrote a journalistic life of John Boyle O'Reilly not too long ago, and asking him why he had not said that O'Reilly committed suicide. "There are things you can't say in Boston," was his reply. I suppose there is not a politician in Massachusetts over forty who has not heard the little jingle about Toodles. Yet this is the first time it has ever appeared in print:

A whiskey glass
And Toodles' ass
Made a horse's ass
Of Honey Fitz.

It is a little unfair. Curley did use the Toodles gossip to drive his rival from politics but, unlike Curley, Honey Fitz was not a boozer.

Eddie or Teddy?

Politics was at least exciting in those days of open-air rallies and limited alternate amusements. Second-generation Irish, still overwhelmingly proletarian, were satisfied with the antics of their leaders, not begrudging them their ambiguous fortunes. Not so the third generation. Until World War I there were indeed men of wealth among the Massachusetts Irish, but the great majority still roosted in South Boston's three deckers. In the words of the bawdy, and also unrecorded song (except in a most bowdlerized form), "Southie was my home town." But after World War I, if slowly at first, the exodus began, from Southie to the middle-class suburbs of Milton and West Roxbury, from three deckers to brick-veneered singles. "Two-toilet Irish," the deserters were called derisively by those who remained. In Milton

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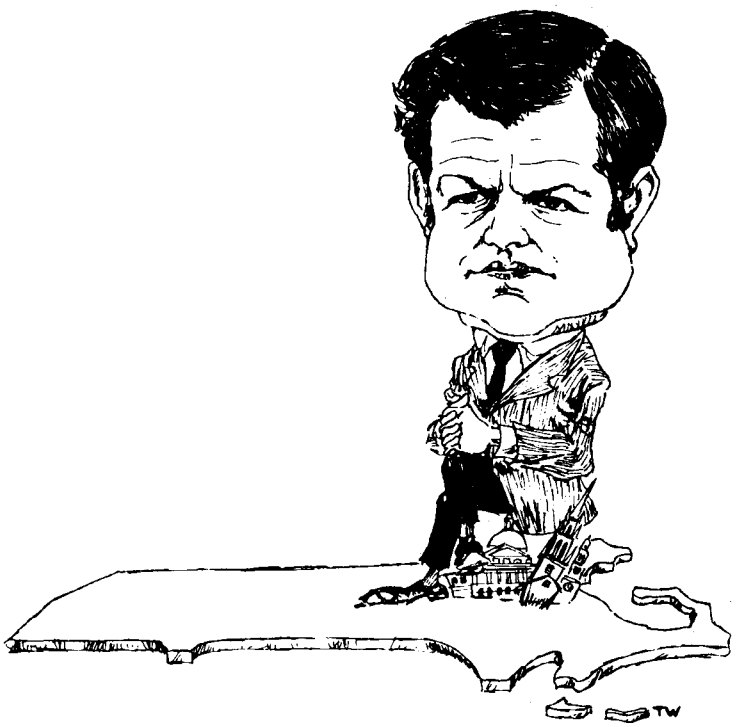

and West Roxbury they went to local preparatory schools like Roxbury Latin rather than to the Jesuit Boston College High, they continued on to that place across the river rather than to Boston College. And as they acquired the middle-class patina, they grew ashamed of Honey Fitz and "Sweet Adeline," of Southie's annual St. Patrick's Day parade enlivened by japers like three hundred-pound Knocko McCormack mounted on a dray horse and wearing the jester's uniform of the "40 and 8"; of deft operators and blackmailers like Dan Coakley; of silvercrossed younger pols like ex-Mayor Tobin the supernumerary Secretary of Labor in Truman's Cabinet. As respectable taxpayers they did not want to be identified any longer with flamboyant houses on Jamaicaway displaying shamrocks on the shutters. Enough of them even voted Republican after World War II to elect a Mayflower descendant Governor Bradford, on the slogan "Had enough?"

When young Jack Kennedy appeared without forewarning on the Boston political scene in 1946, the middle-class suburban Irish hailed him with joy and relief. After half a century of oafishness, this attractive, well-spoken, graceful, witty, Celtic, Harvard-bred and very rich young man was what every suburban matron in Milton and West Roxbury would have liked her son to be. In fact many came to see Jack *as* their son. Whimsically enough, Jack in his first bid for office, was a carpetbagger, establishing apartment residence on Beacon Hill to run for Congress from the district that had sent Curley four times to Washington and from where Honey Fitz had been elected congressman although subsequently barred from his seat because of election frauds. With equal whimsicality the pro, Joe Kane, who undertook to manage the Kennedy campaign, was the very man who had unseated Honey Fitz 28 years earlier. And in this campaign, the Kennedy tribe, emerging for the first time into Massachusetts politics, left nothing to chance. The Kennedy women charmed the suburban housewives into ecstasy. Joe Kane ran enough additional candidates to split any opposition vote seven ways.

Jack Kennedy's walk-away election may have been the wish-fulfillment of Democratic mothers in Massachusetts. But it was very much resented by the old-line pols who had come up the ladder rung by rung, often by knocking the feet from under the man just above them. Not the slow way for Jack, through the wards, into the legislature, to the state senate, with all the little wheels and deals along the way. This was, in the now banal term, "instant politics." Privately the pols expressed their outrage at being outflanked by a young whippersnapper who pronounced his A's broad, and there was envenomed backroom talk of old scandals; Honey Fitz's caperings and Father Joe's diversions. I remember a neighbor of my aunt's in West Roxbury, wife of a councilor, mother of a Massachusetts politician who has since risen so high that it would be impolitic to mention his name, who was going to give me the inside story about "those Kennedys." But as the Kennedy star (or stars) continued to rise, she grew distant, reticent, postponing our promised talk until I sensed that I should never get it. Backroom talk died too. The last outburst was in 1962 when Eddie McCormack, nephew of the Speaker, had the temerity to oppose the untried Ted in the Democratic state convention for Jack's vacant Senate seat. "Don't let them twist your arm!" was his slogan, but the twist was on. The doomed Eddie was certainly the more experienced and possibly the better man. But even beyond the twist there was the legend. As one political worker then explained it: "When they [the Boston Irish] hear Eddie McCormack speak they think of South Boston and their parents' lives. When they see Ted Kennedy they think of Palm Beach, Beacon Hill, the Virginia fox-hunting country and their children's future."

The Legend Withers

To a degree all of us live by legends. And it is within this Kennedy legend that the descendants of the Famine immigrants achieved respectability, assurance, acceptance of themselves, their ancestors and their religion, not only in Massachusetts but across the continent. One thinks of the fate of as noble a spirit as Al Smith who, in 1928, arrived too soon.

As I turned down the hill toward the almost invisible compound, I found myself reflecting again on Hegel's thesis and antithesis. Every movement in its triumph contains the seeds of its own disintegration. After the Revolution the parvenu merchants of Boston, or at least their grandsons, gave the city a literary flowering that made it briefly the Athens of North America. Very briefly. The Kennedys in their triumph brought in another ruling class. Once more the *maréchaux* became the kings. Ted in Massachusetts will be elected senator until his senescence, if he wishes. But the Irish Americans in their flowering have lost the pugnacious cohesiveness of Southie, they have lost much of their church-race identity and they are on their way to losing their dominance. It is no accident that recent Republican and Democratic governors in Massachusetts have had Italian names. *Plus ça change*—as Honey Fitz may have said to Jim Curley. □

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SITUATION AMATEURISM

The Olympics and Modern Philosophy

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

THE MORE ENLIGHTENED of modern philosophers assure us that whether a particular action, stealing, for instance, or adultery, is wrong depends, not on outmoded codes but on the situation at the moment. We are indebted to the Olympic Committee for the application of "Situation Ethics" to sport. Sanctions, as I write, are being considered by the American Olympic Committee in the case of two skiers who are alleged to have infringed the Olympic amateur rules, but no such sanctions have ever been invoked against the representatives of Communist countries in the Olympic Games. Whether an athlete is or is not an amateur apparently depends on his geographical situation. There are no professional athletes in Soviet Russia.

On January 30, 1950, Lord Montgomery of Alamein opened a correspondence in the *London Times* on Olympic amateurism. "In a Communist state," he wrote, "every adult is employed by the state; an athlete is as much a professional as a school teacher or a doctor or a commissar. True amateurism depends on a free press in which scandals can be ventilated, and on the right to protest against infringements of rules. Neither of these conditions prevails in Russia. Every factory has its paid teams who do no work in the factory, and who receive special rations. Whether the Olympic Games should or should not be amateur is a question of opinion. That they have ceased to be amateur is a question of fact."

Lord Bughley of the Olympic Committee replied that he had "no reason to doubt" the Russian assurance that they would abide by the Olympic amateur rules. "Perhaps he could tell us," I replied, "why a Russian promise should inspire more confidence in international sport than in international politics. The veracity of Communists in sport is illustrated by the story of the Czech skating champion, Miroslava Nachodska, usually known as Mila, who eventually defected to the West. Mila was invited to join the UDA, the army club, and put on the engineering corps' payroll as a clerk. In fact she did nothing but skate, for which she drew a handsome salary. Mila was entered for the Academic World Champions in Vienna though she had never attended a university. And yet there are members of the Olympic Committee who still attach importance to statements made by Communists about Communist "amateurs."

Sport to the Communists is one of the most important of all branches of their ideological warfare. In 1962 the German embassy in London sent me a booklet summarizing the evidence which proved that in East Germany, the *Deutscher Turn und Sportbund* (DTSB) exploits sport in the interests of Communist propaganda. In this booklet the first statute of the DTSB is quoted which states that the "DTSB fights decisively against all forms of reactionary bourgeois ideology, such as the demagogic 'theories' of being 'merely' sportsmen and against 'political' neutrality in sport."

TRUTH IS the first victim in the Communist conception of ideological sport. During the Winter Olympic Games at Cortina in 1956 the Russians decorated the walls of the lounge of the Tre Croci Hotel, where I was staying, with portraits of Russian skating and ice-hockey champions and a poster in which the Russians drew attention, in three languages, to the fact that the Russians were the pioneers of the Alpine forms of ski competition. It would seem then that the first modern slalom was set by that well-known Marxist, Arnold Lunnski, on the slopes of Mürrengrad.

In 1961 the State Secretary of East Germany explained how well athletes were treated in East Germany, and cited the handsome sums of money they received. This incident was promptly reported to the Olympic Committee which was assured that the East German Secretary had suffered from a momentary abberation. The Olympic amateur rules have, in fact, no more enthusiastic supporters than the Russians who completely disregard them, and who therefore welcome rules which will handicap the athletes of the free world who still observe them. The Olympic Committee, insofar as it succeeds in achieving in any sport observance of the Olympic amateur rules, acts as an unconscious agent for Communist propaganda. It is not only irresponsible but unethical for the governing body of *any* sport to describe as amateur any event to which Russians are admitted, and indeed to authorize the continuance of *any rules* which can only be imposed on non-Communist countries. This seems so clear on the surface that it is hard to understand how the Olympic Committees in the past quarter of a century or more have failed to grasp the point.

That many skiers who will be competing in the next Winter Olympics are, in reality, highly paid professionals is well known, but skiing is not unique in this. To exclude skiing from the Olympic Games, while permitting the Communist professionals to compete would be a striking example of the humbug which is begotten of Olympic shamateurism, situation sanctions being the logical consequence of situation amateurism.

The immense prestige of the Olympic Games is regrettable insofar as it encourages competitors to underestimate the importance of integrity in sport, for everybody knows that perjury, if only technical perjury, is condoned, and that the Olympic Committee persists, mainly for social reasons, in describing the Olympics as amateur though fully aware that professionals cannot be excluded. The international *Herald Tribune* (February 20, 1970) published a symposium on Olympic shamateurism. The American Billy Kidd, this year's winner of the World Championship in the Alpine ski races, described the situation as "morally unhealthy." "I'd like," he insisted, "ski racing to be a healthy educational experience instead of learning how to cheat."

A former Olympic champion "who had taken a little money under the table" had scruples about competing again in the Olympics. She therefore "objected to swearing that she was an amateur as a matter of principle, but was talked into signing the oath to avoid a big scandal." An illuminating case of "Situation Scandal." □

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REPORT FROM PLANET THREE

The Triumph of the Pseudolits*

A. M. TIBBETTS

To: Chief of Expedition
FROM: Archaeological Field Crew, Planet 3, System 23. 27683.22
Herewith the ms. we spoke of in the last report. Despite the breaks, it is remarkably well preserved, don't you think? Best thing we have found here so far. (Observe the high radioactivity of material from this planet.)

October 20.

I have written a great deal in this diary. Scribble one day and tear it up the next. To read what I have written only makes me angry. Something terrible is happening. But I must understand it, not swear at it. Let me be calm and historical.

I can't remember a precise beginning. Everything seemed to happen at once. There was a notice from the county clerk in my mail box. It said: "It will be to your advantage to accomplish the enclosed tax form by utilizing the appropriate spaces." At about the same time, we bought a new washer, and a sentence from the instructions ran: "The functional aspects of the motor involve rinsing rather than washing." Angela brought home some breakfast cereal. On the back of the box in red letters: "Keep your maxium average intake of caloric food down to a minimum." When Angela took Debbie to the clinic, Dr. Pelham told her that the "operation on your daughter is not contra-indicated." My notes remind me of a sermon in the church that included this sentence: "Subsequent to the almost unique character of Jesus, as it facilitates our understanding of the phenomenon of the godhead, we can discern a culmination of the total Christian activist viewpoint that is existentially true and which can be categorized as a factor in the Judeo-Christian impact."

What bothers me most is that few persons seem to notice that anything is wrong. Angela is still awake though. This morning she called my attention to a remark made by HEW Secretary McLuhan: "It has been decided that a resolution of black-white differences will be initiated by a coming to terms with semantics and by the appointing of a Commission for optimizing and heating up semantic understandings."

October 28.

Historical note. Ross showed me an article in a dusty copy of a journal called *Educational and Psychological Measurement.* Title: "Right-Handed Answer Sheets and Left-Handed Testees."

November 1.

Received a note from the Dean of Social Integration. "It has come to our attention that the ability grouping of the median of those in Latin 200A is being confused with that of Latin 300B by the instructors involved. It will be necessary for all instructional personnel. . . ." Didn't copy the rest. Did copy from the University Bureau of Testing and Emotional Adjustment: "This office is interpretating a study of the affective communication results of bodily movement on the listening abilities of a selected portion of the junior (disadvantaged) class."

December 7.

(From the *Daily News.*) "General Larkin stated that the battle for Berlin was lost because his troops misunderstood 'a functional post-encirclement order, a psychomilitary reaction that we will place under study once we establish criterions.' "

December 20.

The furnace blew up this morning. The pilot had gone out, and I tried to light it again. The instruction printed on the side of the furnace said: "Before the pressing of the button is performed, the blue handle underneath the former must be levered before it is illuminated." I did something wrong, obviously.

December . . . [Date and entry are garbled.]

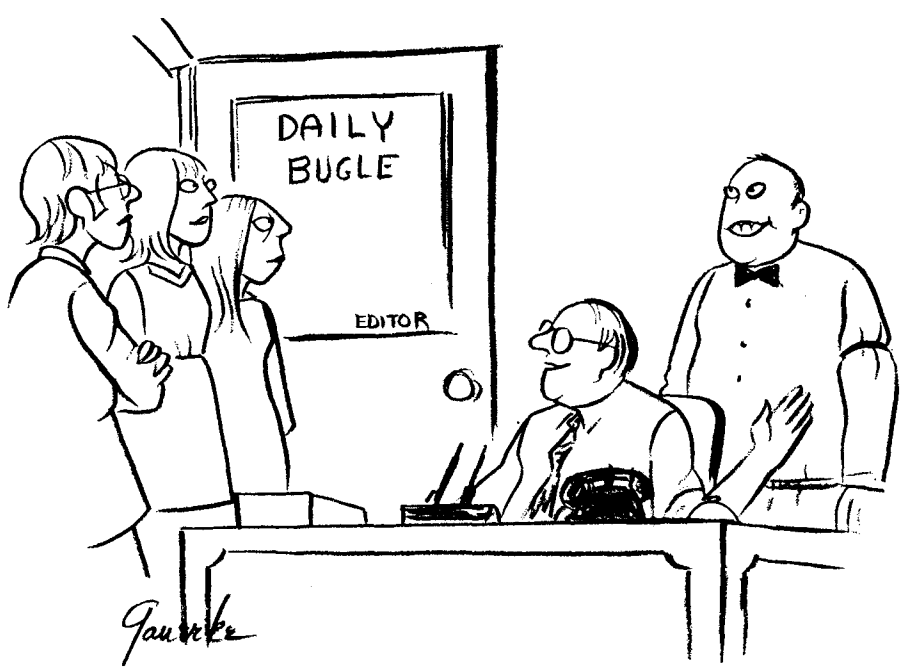
. . . threatened us with? . . . the President said on TV that "the standpoint of mil[itary?] . . . preplanning recognition-wise of Red China . . ."

The atomic attack has come.

January 3.

. . . from fallout. A terrible diarrhea is striking us. Messy death. Life, in gross terms, has turned to s--t. But usage triumphs over propriety. I turn for the last time to my old Webster's *Third* and discover that my end, lexicographically considered, is not so bad after all: "S--t, n. Usually considered vulgar." Only *vulgar,* and not always vulgar at that. It's a consolation. □

*"Prob. from *pseudoliterate,* a reactionary term of abuse invented by certain authoritarian grammarians of the middle 1960s. Now consid. substandard."—*Prolegomena to the Fourth Edition, Webster's New International Dictionary.*



"I agree it's not fair to stick you girls with the Women's Pages, so I've hired a new Fashion Editor."

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COUNTRY MUSIC

No Talk That God Is Dead

JOHN GREENWAY

SOME HUNDRED YEARS AGO an effete corps of impudent academic snobs in both Cambridges ordained *ex cathedra* that folksong as a scholarly province was to be literary archaeology. In our culture the only permissible midden straddled the border between England and Scotland, but this was not to be worked except from a temporal and topographical distance, partly because the area was thought to harbor regional savages, some of whom were still suspected of painting their behinds blue. The scholar collected his material by writing letters from Harvard to his British congeners who, on brass-rubbing expeditions to the periphery of aboriginal country, might have spoken with old, docile and excaudate native females. These creatures, if one stimulated their microus brains with nerve-tightener, could remember Noah's Flood and sing about it. However, their repertoire canonically was restricted to ballads about aristocratic manslaughter and noble bawdry, with an occasional maudlin narrative about brave Scottish mariners like Sir Patrick Spens and other linear forebears of the *Pueblo*'s officers whose bloodshot *ee* welled with tears of terror when they were ordered to take their ships out when it was raining. The singers were for genetic reasons held to be quite incapable of composing them, so indubitable theory was left to prove that folksongs had their origin under cabbage leaves.

Meanwhile Appalachia and other American folk enclaves rang with songs ignored by the few scholars who knew they existed. In an age when syphilis was known to be communicated by pipe smoking one could not reasonably expect decent folklorists to have anything to do with songs like "The Unfortunate Rake," an eighteenth-century street song about a young soldier dying of a social disease. Modern ethnomusicologists perversely find the Rake to be more significant than the wet Sir Patrick Spens. Brought to this country (by the Irish, no doubt), the song changed sex in Appalachia like Virginia Woolf's Orlando and became "The Bad Girl's Lament." Among the Southern Negroes it is still "St. James' Infirmary." Out West among the Dickensian sentimentalists of the cow industry it is "Streets of Laredo." As far off as Australia the Rake appears joined to another eighteenth-century street song, "The Tarpaulin Jacket," to produce an affinal descendant, "The Dying Stockman." There is even an Irish-Negro variant of the Rake in the Virgin Islands, which is a strange place to find him in view of his ailment's nature.

The freshest example of a condemned man's Last Goodnight anthologized by our literary scholars is that of Chidiock Tichborne, hanged two years before the Spanish Armada, yet I heard as good a specimen of the genre this morning when our local Country Music radio station played "Bluefield."

Unfortunately, conservatives have been deceived by this ancient credibility gap, believing without further thought that singers of Country Music are yahoos whose only concession to civilization is the wearing of red suspenders to keep their homespun britches up. Our attitude must change, for our own survival. Our strength and the strength of this troubled country ultimately resides in these maligned people. As I write this appeal, the most popular song on the national Country charts is Merle Haggard's latest patriotic song whose refrain is unequivocal: "When you're running down our country, man, you're walking on the fighting side of me." And would anyone need any further argument than to know nothing has driven the OEO closer to certifiable madness than this year's most enduring hit, "The Welfare Cadillac," which President Nixon asked Johnny Cash to sing at the White House?

Like other people on our side of the center, from Hoover to Agnew, Country musicians have been rubbished in Lindsayland, though there is no appreciable group of musicians more accomplished in America today, and no composers more skilfully sophisticated. Tom T. Hall's series of American hard-hat vignettes compares well with the best ethnographic studies of this country's culture. As for the emotive power of this music, anyone who can hear Joe South's "Don't It Make You Want To Go Home" without weeping should realize that *der lieber Gott* destined him for other things than the appreciation of lyric poetry. Though there is insufficient space here to prove the contention, one could safely say that forty of this nation's fifty best composers are working in Nashville; for instrumental virtuosi, the ratio is higher still.

These facts are recognized beyond the tentacles of our liberal mass media of communication. While *Time* haw-haws *Hee Haw* and *TV Guide* is awash with Cleveland (Make No Mistake) Amory's sciolistic drivel, the rest of the world prefers our music to our philosophy. Jim Reeves dead led four live Beatles thirteen weeks out of fourteen on the Norwegian hit parade. The western plains of Japan's Inland Sea vibrate with Tokyo's Grand Ole Opry and Ole Jubilee. In all the Western European nations Country popularity is high, and even behind the Iron Curtain it is at least discernible—Czechoslovakia has dozens of native Country bands like The Bluegrass Ramblers and several Country magazines. In Puka Puka in the distant South Pacific, Polynesians sing "You Are My Sunshine." I recorded from a group of Paleolithic aboriginal children in remote Central Australia—far from any television, movies or even radio—a song beginning "Daby, Daby Crocka, kingada wile frontee." Even the Irish have given up fighting to sing hillbilly songs.

IF CRASS CONSERVATISM cannot be moved by matters of quality or popularity, perhaps Country Music's commercial success will catch its attention. Two thousand American radio stations play Country Music; seven hundred play nothing else. Fifty Country television programs have been syndicated, with only 3 per cent cancellation. Nashville, the "hillbilly capital of the world," has three hundred record manufacturing firms, four hundred publishers, one hundred artist agencies, nine hundred songwriters, and 1,500 resident musicians, as well as more churches per capita than any other American city. Gene Autry is quietly buying up the United States (the Mark Hopkins Hotel is one of his acquisitions). Billy Gregory, Country composer and former accompanist to the late Vernon Dalhart (who made five thousand records under 79 pseudonyms) puts his profits into art: He has a $10-million collection of old masters, including Michelangelo, Raphael, van Dyck, da Vinci, Rubens, Rembrandt, El Greco, Hals, Holbein, Titian and Memling, with nary

(Continues on page 857)

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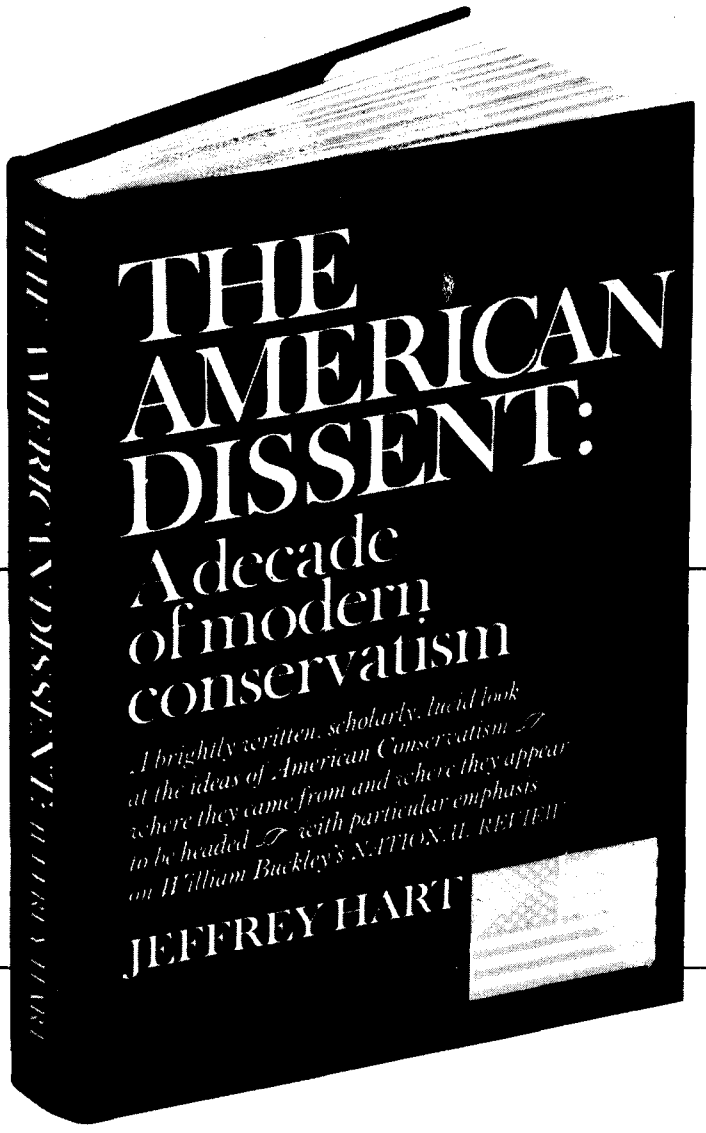
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About the author-

Jeffrey Hart, Associate Professor of English at Dartmouth, was born in Brooklyn and educated at Columbia. During the Korean War, he joined Naval Intelligence; after leaving the service he returned to Columbia for his doctorate. A recipient of a Dartmouth Faculty Fellowship, Mr. Hart has written a critical study of Edmund Burke and is currently an editor of *National Review*.

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RUSSELL KIRK

FREEDOM TO LEARN

FROM THE ACADEMY

Among the real natural rights of men, said Edmund Burke, is the "right to instruction in life." (Here Burke was contrasting genuinely natural rights—rights flowing from the human condition—with the "pretended rights" of the French revolutionaries.) Aye, the freedom to learn is more important than the freedom to teach; and this point is made carefully by Professor William Oliver Martin in a chapter called "Some Moral Relations between Student and Teacher," contained in a new little book of his, *Realism in Education* (Harper & Row, $2.95).

Although there is an art to teaching, Dr. Martin tells us, the teacher is not morally entitled to act as if he were a sculptor, carving inanimate stone. "The student is a person *who* has a nature which is to be perfected in the way of knowing. The student is not just 'stuff' to be molded or shaped into an artifact according to the purposes of the teacher.

"If all this is denied, then a kind of knowledge is reduced to ideology; the teacher becomes a technician propagandizing for personal and/or social ideological purposes; the student becomes an object, a thing; learning becomes parroting (the teacher's or the party's 'line'); and the teaching activity is reduced from the triadic to the diadic relation, that of conditioning or determing the student in a subintellectual manner."

Professor Martin remarks that he is uttering truisms in this closely reasoned slim treatise of his. True; but those truisms have been neglected so long by many within the academy that to many a student Dr. Martin's arguments may seem wondrously original. Some students who think of themselves as radicals may discover that, actually, they had been demanding the restoration of what once was taken for granted in every decent school or college.

The school exists primarily for the student, not for the teacher, says Wm. Oliver Martin. "The student cannot effectively learn without the freedom to learn, and that freedom is not something to be tolerated in a negative manner, but rather something to be actively encouraged and developed. Is this a natural right or merely a positive right? It is primarily a natural right, and, because it is so, it is concretized through law and becomes a positive right."

But no man has a natural right to teach in a school; there exist only certain positive rights of teachers guaranteed by particular societies. Prudence must enter into the duties of the teacher.

"Let us suppose a teacher of the second grade," writes Professor Martin, "in the course of dealing with the history of the colonies and with George Washington, stresses the fact that Washington wrote love letters to another man's wife, and made some money in shady land deals. When the protests come in from parents, he pleads academic freedom. Is is justified? The issue is not the truth of the statements, but rather whether he should tell *those* truths. Are no truths to be withheld from students of any age?"

Intellectual arrogance, indeed, on the part of teachers, frequently becomes immorality and injustice toward students. Professor Martin offers the real example of a professor of biology who informed his college students that "to have peace there must be, of necessity, a world government; for nations are like cells in an organism, and if cells were separated from the organic whole there would be only disintegration and death, etc., etc."

Against this sort of professorial presumption, the student can and should protest, for it is a violation of the natural right to learn. "The issue is not whether world government is desirable and is necessary to achieve peace in the world; nor is there any question about the right of the professor to know what he is talking about, and to know the limitations of his own special field. But there is a lack of justice in the classroom in such a leap from biology to international politics. . . What the teacher is doing, then, is imposing his own ignorance on students under the guise of wisdom, and by virtue of his status he renders them rather helpless."

The student's freedom to learn, being natural, has no express duties wedded to it. "The right of the student to learn is independent of merit, but not his right to stay in school. But in the case of the teacher both his right to teach and his opportunity to teach rest on merit, or whether he fulfills his duty. To the degree that this is not recognized in practice, there is injustice. . . . It is for this reason that the persistent concern of the teaching profession with the rights of teachers, without being equally clear and concerned about their duties, is evidence either of naïveté, of ignorance, or of just plain bad faith."

Amen to those words. For those students nowadays who protest that they came to an institution of learning in search of wisdom, but were given instead merely "approved attitudes," your servant expresses his sympathy. The cry for "student freedom" often is provoked by professorial neglect of duties.

Yet the student altogether ignorant of those moral relationships so succinctly described by Professor Martin may become—nay, already has become—false to the freedom to learn. The worse enemy of academic freedom just now is the sort of student who shouts "freedom!" but really is servile to the ideologue-professor. That sort of student is the dupe and the victim of the modern sophist, who uses his pupils as tools for ideological ends—treating them as marble, not as flesh. Such a student has lost the appetite for freedom to learn; he retains only the appetite for slogan—which does not require thought.

So it is that no sort of discourse is more realistic, and relevant, than discourse about natural rights. If in much of the modern world the mind is captive, a decay of apprehension of human nature is the germ of that malady. □

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

MEDICAL MISCELLANY

AFTER A prolonged hospital stay, I have discovered which things will make one comfortable in same, and they were not those recommended to me. Not lovely negligees and nighties to boost one's morale as the doctors gaze into one's tragic eyes, or perfume, or a favorite picture for gracious living, a bottle of booze; those were the accoutrements I had been told were desirable, and which in a minor way, I provided for myself as I went into the hospital in Zürich. Ha! What did prove useful were the things my son provided for me when he came after the operation, when I had at least a month in bed ahead of me. An open-top suitcase by one's bedside to keep things in. Filing folders and manila envelopes to keep papers sorted and separated before it becomes a hopeless task; you never remember whom you thanked for his card and who should be thanked. Hardbacked notebooks and writing pads in bed for writing. Strong rubber bands to hold papers together (also paper clips) and also for keeping the paperbacked books together which invariably slip off their pile. Rubber bands also hold together one's hair, loose Kleenex and the like. One of the large inflatable rubber rings on which to sit or lie to change position—hospitals may not have one immediately handy when you want it. Plain lemony eau de cologne. Disposable wash towels because one has constantly filthy hands, and if you can't get up yourself to wash, it's easier on the nurses. A light woolen throw so you can regulate your temperature since there are always too few or too many covers on hospital beds. Baby cream and powder, deodorant and room spray come in immensely handy, much more so than beauty creams. A box of absolutely dry Zwieback or plain, unsalted crackers for those moments one feels queasy. Lots of stamped postcards and envelopes correctly stamped for the amount of writing paper they will hold—which is important for airmail. Lots of ballpoint pens which get lost on the floor and swept away. Also good is a walking stick so that you can push your window open or closed, without having to get the nurse. Several boxes of really good candy for impromptu gifts are also essential, as is a subcription to a daily newspaper.

As for spiritual comforts, cheerful reading, because one can make one's depressions. Among cheerful reading are elderly mysteries of the genteel English school, with only the nicest people in them. Also, quite essential, are the Bible and a prayerbook.

One should not talk about operations, but I will about mine, because it made me a true product of the space age. The astronauts' bodies have nothing on mine, the triumph of Swiss medicine, which provided it with a brand new artificial hip made from metal and plastic, after taking out the diseased one. This, after many years, has made me walk normally again.

For five years, I literally crawled on a stick, destined for a wheelchair, because of a hip stiffened by arthritis. Now, miracle of miracles, I zip along—still on two sticks for a few more months—like a chamois, compared to the past. Equally miraculously, the operation is absolutely painless. You go to sleep with the perennial pain that has been a part of your life for so long, and you wake up with none at all.

This operation, a Swiss specialty like all bone operations, is also done in the United States, by excellent doctors, though only a few of them. What prompted me to come to the Wilhelm Schulthess Klinik in Zürich, which specializes in orthopedics, is the following. (The operation is also done in many other places here, all equally competent.) I chose the one I chose because it is renowned for the interest of the surgeons in their patients and their superior post-operative care which consists of water and other therapy, and much follow-up. The thought of an American doctor of such eminence disturbed me, because, and I may be totally wrong, you feel you don't matter a great deal to him—and this is an operation which must be done by an eminent surgeon. But what truly appalled me was the thought of lying in a New York hospital for possibly two months (it turned out to be five weeks), fairly helpless and being in the hands of the kind of nurses that now seems to run the New York hospitals.

The things I have seen done and said to patients in some respectable New York hospitals would make me believe that the nurse in question should, I say minding my language, not be a nurse. Unless you have a private room and your own nurse (or relative or friend in her place) in a New York hospital (I could not afford that), you are sunk. Semi-private is hell. One is much better off in a ward in a good New York hospital because there are always nurses in a ward. But in a ward, you cannot choose your own doctor—which in this operation was essential.

IN SWITZERLAND, medicine is as competent as it is humane. For one thing, doctors and nurses treat you like an adult rather than a dithering idiot body. I can't begin listing the exquisite carefulness of my doctors, nurses and therapists. I knew that nothing could go wrong. The concern of the nurses as they bed you and make you comfortable. The niceness of the nurses' assistants about doing personal favors for someone far away from home with no local, intimate friends. The cleanliness of the hospital rooms and the neatness of the maids. The thoroughness of the therapists who exercise you, which is vital after the operation.

You find all this in all Swiss medical institutions, but I found it, as I said, in the Schulthess Klinik in Zürich. And most important, the personal kindness of my truly eminent surgeon, Dr. H. Scheier, who rather than ask his secretary, personally called my husband in New York to tell him the operation went well. And now I walk again, thanks to Dr. Scheier, and all I can say is God bless him. □

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The Standpoint of Genius

HUGH KENNER

Wyndham Lewis on Art: Collected Writings 1913-1956, with introductions and notes
By Walter Michel and C. J. Fox
Funk & Wagnalls, $10.00

Now listen. Gather round. A tip. Start saving your pennies. Put them in a jar labeled "Lewis." If you start now, by next spring you will have the $35 it will take to buy *Wyndham Lewis: Paintings and Drawings* when that finally gets published, with eight hundred-odd reproductions and much text by Mr. Michel, and a great block of visual modernity will suddenly fit into a socket that has yawned for decades. Lewis has simply been missing from twentieth-century art history, no writer has been in a position to see more than random specimens of his work. And twentieth-century art history is no more intelligible without him than without Picasso. (No, I am not comparing him to Picasso.)

How do painters get into art history? First of all by enjoying the benefits, as Picasso did from his Cubist days, of a succession of superb press-agents (Picasso's first was Gertrude Stein). Then by fitting, as did even minor cubists, into the plans of a superbly coordinated art-dealing machinery, with an unsleeping interest in keeping up reputations and prices. (Prices are paid for reputations, not pictures.) Finally, by catching the interest of gallery directors placed to showcase large retrospective exhibitions, in capitals where lots of taste-makers can see them. (The decisive event of this order, for Picasso, was the New York Museum of Modern Art retrospective of 1939; it fixed the outlines of his career so decisively that his subsequent three decades' output has all somehow been accorded the status of addenda.)

Of course you must first of all be a gifted painter, but that alone will not take you very far.

Wyndham Lewis had none of these advantages, except the painter's gifts. His major press-agent, first of all, was himself, which is never good strategy. Moreover he actually wrote to enlighten the reader, which is not good press-agentry. Then, in his productive days, the dealer network was in Paris and he was not; and the taste-making machinery had been cranked up for thirty years' promotion of a *Gestalt* into which he didn't fit. As for his big retrospective show, 1956, that was held, of all places, in England, where they grunt in front of pictures and saunter by. (New Yorkers and Parisians feel obligated to simulate judiciousness, for fear of being left out. The Englishman knows it is the painters who are out, just as surely as he knows his Winnie the Pooh.)

So Lewis's career was a bust. The pictures survive, fortunately. Their prices are going very high now as dealers buy them from one another, shuffling noiselessly to be in points of advantage when the collectors wake up to his existence. And the writing, the press-agentry, survives. Here it is, gathered from out-of-print books and unfindable magazines, chronologically arranged, introduced by sections, and annotated: nearly all of it, from the 1914 *Blast* manifestos to a last word salvaged from, of all places, *Vogue* (the London edition, September 1956).

His reader was that veriest of tyros, the literate Englishman. Lewis took him brusquely in hand, and, perceiving the need of attending to his entire education, bombarded him with *aperçus* about Reality, Nature, Truth, the Will. In the Cubist epoch, his emphasis all along was on the fact that there was something wrong with current Paris abstraction: no, not with abstraction, but with what was being done with it in Paris. Since the reader, barely comfortable with the pre-Raphaelites, was just then making a heroic effort to come to terms with any abstraction at all, this insistence that there were right and wrong kinds of abstractions was intensely bewildering. Lewis lost his audience in the first twenty minutes, and in forty years never really got it back. He was read by other painters.

Yet what he had to say about kinds of abstractions was central to all the other things he had to say; as late as 1939 he was reaffirming and reshaping it, in "Supernature versus the Super-real." Art history will some day have to absorb it, and may as well get started. This book performs the service of putting all the documents at the historians' disposal. Meanwhile the reader who will think his way carefully through the *Blast* "Vortices and Notes" (1914) and "The Caliph's Design" (1919) will be one large move ahead of existing histories.

THE READER, before he goes feasting in this book, deserves one caution: he should guard against being stunned by the coruscating phraseology. When Lewis tells us how Cézanne ("his r's rolling in a tempestuous tattoo") would have regarded Picasso "as an obnoxious pseudo-Hottentot, crossed with a crooked necromancer," he tends to make us forget the thread of the argument. We suppose he is *attacking* Picasso. (He is *locating* him.) Or when he character-

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zes the visual vocabulary of Francis Bacon ("Liquid white accents delicately dropped upon the sable ground, like blobs of mucus") or the ideological vagaries of Kandinsky ("He allows the rigid chambers of his Brain to become a mystic house haunted by an automatic and puerile Spook, that leaves a delicate trail like a snail"), we tend to suppose he is inciting us to chuck them out.

Not at all. But the scale along which Lewis deployed his verbal energies was very long. He commanded, as it were, Wagner's orchestra, and we are accustomed to the art-critic playing upon the flute. When the art-critic's melody bubbles with caressing insidiousness, we have learned to sway to and fro in hypnotized approval of his subject (this is all Program Music). But were the art-critic once to cut loose such a note as Lewis sounds summing up one phase of Picasso—"the barbaric pattern, the planes screeching and jarring, the mouth eaten by syphilis, the ear in the middle of the cheek"—we should know without looking that his face was puffed up in panic, his lungs pumping a shriek from his little pipe to scare away some obnoxious apparition. Whereas from the Lewis orchestra such a rich loud phrasing belongs to the mellow middle tones: that sequence of words, "syphilis" and all, is from a paragraph written in *praise* of Picasso's "wonderful vitality."

A giant's note of caress, in short, sounds like a bellow. Reading Lewis on what he admires can be like eavesdropping on the soft endearments of Polyphemus (another being noted for his Eye). Reading him, moreover, as he qualifies his admiration, is a bewildering experience if you are accustomed to admiration being unqualified. In the art world judgments are mostly unqualified; they are attached, after all, to the go/no-go situation at the center of the art racket: purchase, or do not purchase. Who will purchase something that is admired with qualifications? And expert terminology is tainted with the criteria of dealership.

So reading Wyndham Lewis on art is a new kind of experience for most of us: not only because he really understood art, but because he was not selling something; and because he was Lewis. The latter is the most disquieting fact of all. He said with perfect accuracy that he commanded a mode of creation "older than the fish," such a skill in making forms as nature displayed in evolving the grotesque wings of the dragon-fly. He was like a force of nature, but gifted with language. From time to time, in this unique book, we encounter as it were an earthquake speaking: a human earthquake, which does more than crepitate and engulf: which, when we adjust our receptors to its word-habits, can enlighten us from what Lewis called "the standpoint of genius." □

FICTION

War Is Heaven!
By D. Keith Mano
Doubleday, 226 pp., $5.95

A RISING STAR

JEFFREY HART

Please, *NR* readers, remember that I told you so. You have the opportunity now to witness the emergence of a novelist of the first magnitude; you can be in the position of the reader who in 1926 picked a thin volume off the counter and began to read: "Robert Cohn was once middleweight boxing champion of Princeton. Do not think that I am very much impressed by that . . ." An entire new imaginative world comes into existence. And now Keith Mano, who has just published his third novel, and is still under thirty, comes forward as a comparable force—an imaginative force not only of promise but, already, of dazzling achievement.

For many reasons the novelist one thinks of first in connection with Mano is Graham Greene. There is the surface readability, the firm prose. Also, as in Greene, the ability to make his readers feel the metaphysical reverberations of good and evil. Mano's characters move through a reality which extends upward to heaven and downward to hell. But Mano does not share Greene's Royal puritanism. His imagination is more baroque, Jacobean, full of darkness, the grotesque, sudden illumination.

Mano's first novel, *Bishop's Progress*, dealt with a John Robinson dishonest-to-God type of modern bishop who learns that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of by Harvey Cox. In *Horn*, Mano constructed a kind of agon between a priest and a charismatic black power leader and explored the moral and theological meanings of the black-power *Weltanschauung*. Now, in *War Is Heaven!* (so much for you, Bill Coffin), we move through the steaming tropical forests of Camaguay with a squad of American counterinsurgents and their Camaguayan allies. A Vietcong-like insurgency is underway.

AGAINST THIS FAMILIAR background—the carrier *Sting*, no doubt with Cronkite aboard, cruises off the coast—Mano moves his cast of startling characters. The central figure is Sergeant Clarence Hook. He has experienced mysterious visions, seven in the last ten days—"A tall woman . . . her dark hair glistens . . . an Old World face, the eyes almond-shaped and fierce, intent on me, unmoving." Mano completely convinces us that Hook really has seen something supernatural, some accession of the divine, for he simultaneously develops preternatural powers. Mosquitoes and scorpions do not bite him. Like St. Francis, he has amiable relations with the animal kingdom—but no semidomesticated Umbrian pigeons this time—instead, snakes, bats, howler monkeys. His vision and sense of smell are greatly heightened; he becomes the deadliest of jungle fighters, because the jungle in a profound sense is no longer alien to him.

Here we can make an approach to the meaning of this complex and fascinating novel. Mano's jungle is one of the most vividly realized localities in modern literature, but it is more than that; it is a representation of existence itself, and it enables us to see existence in a new way by speeding it up, concentrating it. "The irony of it," says Hook. "The ironies, rather. Parasites devouring their own life substance. The trees are broken by the liana, and the liana gives life to the matapalo. Insects eat the matapalo leaves, and they are eaten by birds. A thing is born, and, as it begins to suck its life from something else, yet another thing, born a moment later, is sucking on it. The life force here is incredible. Irresistible, suicidal. Sometimes the pollen's so thick I'm afraid it'll take root in my brain. But teeming life exists only where there is teeming death. And here, besides, there are no civilized distinctions. No moments of death. No moments of birth. It is all death; it is all life. They are each other. If you died now, Jones, things would sprout from your body in less than a week. And, within an hour, you would be several kinds of food."

From this perspective, that of life-death instead of life *or* death, things achieve a unity. War is hell? Certainly. But, also, War is heaven—because,

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qualitatively, war is no different from existence itself. It is merely one mode in which final meanings must be grasped, met, lived with, died with. From life-death there is no escape, and the issues must be faced, and they might as well be faced in Camaguay as anyplace else. As Eliot wrote in *Little Gidding:* "So while the light fails/ On a winter's afternoon, in a secluded chapel/ History is now and England." □

Charles V
By Otto von Habsburg
Praeger, 280 pp., $8.95

THE UNIVERSAL EMPEROR

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

This book, by the former Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary, about his ancestor Charles V, on whose Empire "the sun never set," is a real treat for anybody interested in Western history and in the teachings of the past, which may serve as guidelines for the present and for the future. Whoever knows Archduke Otto realizes that he would not have gone to the trouble of describing even an illustrious ancestor merely *l'art pour l'art* if such an analysis were without relevance for our days. This biography has more than analytic value: coming from the pen of a man passionately devoted to the cause of European unity and mutual Western understanding, it serves a pedagogic purpose.

Of course, Sartre was right when he stated that every person's history is the history of a failure, but whoever reaches for the stars has at least a chance to get hold of the moon. And there are real achievements in the life of Charles V, even if it ended in disappointment and Christian resignation, marked by his voluntary abdication and his last two years spent in a monastery. The son of Emperor Maximilian, "the Last Knight," Charles was born in 1550 in Flanders, the Western tip of Greater Burgundy (which comprised French, German and Dutch speaking areas); he inherited the Spanish crown at the age of sixteen and was elected King-Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire at the age of nineteen: two years after Luther had nailed his 95 Theses to the door of the Wittenberg chapel.

Charles had to spend his life fighting the French, the Turks, the Arabs, faithless German princes, the Pope, the Spanish insurgents and the revolting Flemish burghers. He inherited an empire in the Americas which he had to reorganize in order to prevent the conquistadores from ruining it in their greed. He was a friend of Erasmus, and was desperate when his undisciplined mercenaries sacked the Eternal City. He made a prisoner of Francis I of France, who, after his release, almost immediately broke his word not to attack the Empire. He fought battles in person and, heading an army and a navy, failed twice to conquer North Africa. He tried, in an irenic spirit, to restore the unity of the Western Church, and, while insuring the survival of the Catholic faith in large parts of the Germanies, earned the everlasting admiration of Luther.

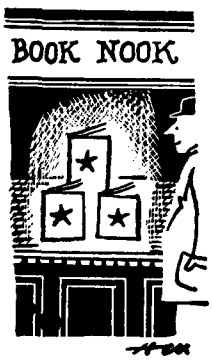
THE AUTHOR MAKES IT CLEAR that, in order to understand the personality of Charles V, one has to take his "geographic" origin into consideration: He was essentially a "Burgundian"—not a typical Spaniard, German or Austrian. No wonder, if we remember where his cradle stood and that his family, before building the Habsburg (castle) in Switzerland, had come from Upper Alsace. It is from this castle that the Habsburgs were called in repeated elections to the throne of the Holy (predominantly Germanic) Roman Empire. This title also gave them the permanent possession of the Austrian "imperial hereditary countries" which later, in a loose way, came to include Bohemia and Hungary. Greater Burgundy, on the other hand, comprising the Netherlands, parts of Northern France, Lorraine, Alsace, Burgundy proper and the Franche Comté was a supranational region. It represented, so to speak, the quintessence of the Holy Roman Empire—a synthesis of medieval chivalry with a spirit of tolerance, *joie de vivre* and a general breadth of outlook.

Otto von Habsburg describes his ancestor with great affection, giving us a true picture of the Burgundian universalist and "internationalist" transcending local limitations, of the ecumenist whose plan to make the Council of Trent a truly all-Christian Council was foiled by the fanatics on both sides. We also see the Emperor as an upholder of law, order and legality, eager to safeguard the rights and privileges of his subjects, whether high or low, at all costs: a facet of Charles' character clearly discernible in his endeavors to protect Indian rights in the new possessions.

He was a man with a strong sense of honor, as well as a profound interest in the arts, especially music and painting. (He once created a minor sensation by picking up Titian's brush which the master had dropped.) Here, indeed, was a friend of the Humanists, a pious Christian as well as a courageous warrior. True, Charles, while unmarried, had fathered children out of wedlock, but to the end of his days he cherished the memory of his new wife, the Empress Isabel. Sins of the flesh were viewed as of minor importance by scholastic theology. The intellectual, not the moral, virtues were considered paramount.

Here is the portrait of a man worthy to be emulated. If we compare him to the politicians of the last hundred years, we immediately see the level to which we have sunk. Charles, of course, was not a flamboyant figure; he did not have the attractiveness of a lady-killer, he dressed simply, preferred dark colors, he was balanced, soft-spoken, of a completely even temperament—every inch a sovereign who, as a young man, even charmed Henry VIII.

YET, Archduke Otto is equally insistent on the "unfinished business" Charles V left behind; left to us, in more than one way. He failed, for reasons which have nothing to do with his character or his knowledge. He was against the spirit of a tremendously egoistic and narrow-thinking age in which nationalism unfolded and affected the religious scene. His main adversaries—Francis I, the Turks, several Popes—closely collaborated and formed a truly unholy alliance. Considering such successors of St. Peter as Clement VII and Paul IV, one is reminded of the French proverb: *"On n'est trahi que par les siens."*



The survival of the Catholic Church in large parts of Europe, the very preservation of the universal character of this Church is attributable to Charles V. He had to fight on four fronts: against treacherous German princes who placed their

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RANDOM NOTES

■ BOOKS: Scribner should have a big fall with the unpublished Hemingway, *Islands in the Stream* (October, $10). It's about a painter in the Caribbean, c. 1935-45. . . . Hollywood in the old days is the theme of *The Real Tinsel* by Bernard Rosenberg and Harry Silverstein (Macmillan, October, $9.95). Title undoubtedly derives from Oscar Levant's immortal "It's only after you peel away the tinsel of Hollywood that you get to the real tinsel."

■ *Reader's Digest* editor Eugene Methvin worked ten years on *The Riot Makers* (Arlington House, October, $10). . . . André Maurois' *Memoirs* due next month (Harper, $10). . . . Douglas Cater's first novel is a *roman à clef* about Washington, *Dana* (McGraw-Hill, August, $6.95). . . . Roger L. Ransom and *NR* reviewer William Breit co-author *The Academic Scribblers: American Economics in Collision* (Holt, January).

■ RUMOR: Norton Simon selling *Saturday Review* back to Norman Cousins, who sold it for $3 million several years ago.

■ BOOKS FROM OVER THERE: *The Lion and the Unicorn,* essays by Sir Arthur Bryant (Doubleday, October, $5.95). . . . Two titles in a new series, Roots of the Right [European], from Harper next month: *Gobineau: Selected Political Writings* ($7.95) and *The French Right from de Maistre to Maurras* ($7.95). . . . *Belloc* is an autobiographical anthology culled by Herbert van Thal from Belloc's writings over a half century, 1891-1940 (Knopf, September, $8.95).

Also from Knopf, *Letters of Thomas Mann. 1889-1955* (September, $17.50). . . . Vol. I of *The Collected Works of Bertolt Brecht,* three full-length and five one-act plays, will unveil in January (Pantheon, $10). . . . George Lawrence offers the first translation since 1896 of Tocqueville's *Recollections* (Anchor paperback, November, $2.45). . . . J. B. Priestley's *The Edwardians* will have two hundred halftones and 48 pages in color (Harper, September, $15).

■ CINEMA: *Variety* reports that the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures is getting heavy mail, much of it from non-Catholics, asking why the Church isn't stopping the flood of film smut. Fr. Patrick Sullican, Jesuit who directs the Office, feels that one religious group shouldn't be the cop in a pluralistic society. . . . New wrinkle: the dirtier versions of movies now go to America, not Europe. But NCOMP itself, reports *Variety,* has its own double standard, a sort of black-and-bare-is-beautiful (*The Watermelon Man, The Landlord* and *Cotton Comes to Harlem*) rated A-IV, while two that are much tamer but about ofays (*The Cheyenne Social Club* and *The Way We Live Now*) got the B label "morally objectionable in part for all"). Can the NCOMP be trying to tell us something?

petty interests above those of the Empire, against the French nationalist Francis , against parochially minded Popes, against exploiting conquistadores, and against the entire Islamic collaboration (a predominantly secular ideal derived from the Holy Roman Empire), the still effective poison of nationalism, and military defense of the West against the menacing East.

We must be grateful to Otto von Habsburg for an inspiring portrait and for a powerful reminder of our own unsolved problems. The translation from the author's brilliant French is fluent (though containing some minor errors); there are also excellent chronological tables and pictures and an index.

The sense of tragedy, needless to say, is always present. History *is* tragic. Charles was appointed by the German Electors to his exalted office (for which Catholic missals—even in America—contained prayers until 1952) on June 28, 1519. Exactly on that day, 395 years later, Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his consort were murdered in Sarajevo. And on the four-hundredth anniversary of the Emperor's election the delegates of the German Reich which had, indeed, ceased to be either Holy, Roman or an Empire, put their signatures to the Versailles treaty which, ironically, terminated a war intended to avenge a murder. It was the day that started Adolf Hitler on his way, and with him National Socialism, the very denial of all the ideas and ideals the "Universal Emperor" stood for. □

The Papers of George Mason 1725-1792
Edited by Robert A. Rutland
University of North Carolina Press, 3 volumes, 1312 pp., $45

THE ANTIFEDERALIST

CLYDE WILSON

Apart from occasional half-hearted attempts to dragoon "The Father of the Bill of Rights" into the weird role of patron saint of the ACLU, none of the great lawgivers of the early Republic is so little known or revered in the twentieth century as Mason. The reasons for his eclipse are several. He eschewed office, particularly federal office. Already fifty when the Revolution began, he passed from the scene early, in 1792. His influence was greater in the wings than on center stage, so that much of his fame perished with his contemporaries. Worst of all, he was father to the lost cause of Antifederalism, a cause which stumbled in 1787 and which, after a deceptively successful holding action of three-quarters of a century, went down not only to total defeat but to obloquy in 1865.

There can be no question of his greatness. Although they fell out later, for many years the master of Mount Vernon turned to his Fairfax County neighbor at Gunston Hall the unguarded ear he lent few men. During the Revolution, Washington relied greatly on Mason's legislative vigor to maintain logistical efficiency on the diffuse Virginia homefront. Madison, who locked horns with him in the Federal Constitutional Convention and afterward in the battle over ratification in Virginia, called Mason the greatest debater he ever knew. John Randolph so loved the Virginia constitution of 1776, Mason's handiwork, that when the convention was called to revise it in 1829, Randolph attended the sessions wearing mourning and lamented that every man fancied himself a George Mason.

JEFFERSON SAID flatly that Mason was the wisest man of his generation. Well he might, for Jefferson, and Madison too, in the Virginia and Kentucky Resolves were merely trying too late to engraft onto the Constitution what Mason had warned them ten years before it fatally lacked: a mechanism giving the states as much power to counter the Federal Government as the three federal branches had to defend themselves from each other. Possibly also, Jefferson came to realize that "all men are created equal" was an unfortunate rewrite of Mason's far better-weighed phrase in the Virginia Declaration of Rights, "all men are born equally free and independent." Mason and the Antifederalists were not opposed in 1788 to knitting the Union together well, nor did they reject the achievement represented by the Constitution, to the writing of which Mason himself had contributed significantly. But they believed

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it needed some final perfection of design, the lack of which would leave it dangerously misshapen in the direction of centralism. Contrary to the general impression, the adoption of the Bill of Rights only partly overcame their objections. Foremost, they wanted to reserve to the states some degree of decisive power. The Tenth Amendment, a mere assertion with no means of enforcement by the states, ultimately proved worthless for this purpose.

A PARTIAL LIST of Mason's fears for the Constitution might cause conservatives to reflect whether or not he considered well: that the federal judiciary would swallow up the state judiciary; that the "marriage of the President and the Senate," particularly the power to make treaties which would have the force of the supreme law of land, would allow them to override the House and deprive the people of control of the most important internal matters; that the "necessary and proper" clause was a license for usurpation; that the President's advisers, not being constitutionally defined and limited, would some day scheme against the country and prevent inquiry into their own misconduct; that the unlimited power of taxation would become a destructive burden to the people; that the great powers of the Presidency must end eventually in what would be, in all but name, an elective monarchy more powerful than the British sovereign.

These handsome volumes, bringing together all the extant Mason papers, are designed for libraries and specialists rather than to be read cover to cover. It is doubtful that the volumes will succeed, at least for a while, in the editor's declared purpose of reviving interest in Mason and bringing recognition of his contributions. None of the fashionable intelligentsia is really interested in the Founders, particularly not in George Mason whose spotless toga clashes badly with a beard and beads. But if you are one of that small company of naysayers who believe there is value in the study of causes lost, who find refreshment from the poltroons and pygmies of our own era by visiting among the Fathers, who would gain in understanding of our present ills, then you might do well to look into the letters, laws, speeches and writing of this law-giver and stern patriot, the Solon and the Cato of Virginia. □

The Neophiliacs
By Christopher Booker
Gambit, 414 pp., $8.95

THE PARTY'S OVER

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

In 1963 Harold Wilson and the Beatles arrived simultaneously in the forefront of the British scene. Mr. Wilson later acknowledged his debt to the mood of the times by including the Beatles in the Honors List—making them Members of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, no less. Today Mr. Wilson is back on the Opposition benches, and the Beatles appear to have broken up. An era has ended.

I hope it has, anyway. And Christopher Booker hopes so too. *The Neophiliacs* (meaning "constant seekers after something new") traces the social and psychological history of Britain during the past fifteen years—such part of Britain's history, at least, as concerned, and was reflected in, the fashionable communications media. The tale is not an edifying one, except that it ends with a well-deserved hangover and a moral.

Historical periods can't really be fenced off so neatly, of course, and a better starting point might have been the close of the Second World War, when —incredible to remember—more than a quarter of the human race still lived beneath the protection of the Union Jack. But the coming of rock-n-roll in 1955 did have a special significance; it marked the arrival of much which has since loomed large and noisy in all our lives.

The language of the pop world and of hippiedom, now so entrenched in the vocabulary of the young, reveals all too clearly the intellectual poverty and aesthetic squalor which has been imposed on, and eagerly accepted by, a whole generation. This lamentable process could hardly have occurred, certainly not so easily and completely, had there not also been a treason of the clerks, a surrender of confidence and authority by older people who should have known better, but who were frightened of being called stuffy and "square."

IN TELLING the story, Mr. Booker has compiled an anthology of ghastliness. Quotation after quotation illustrates the shameful way in which the heroes of the pop society were adulated. Groveling praise was lavished on their supposed characteristics—youth (as though being young were evidence of wisdom rather than of immaturity), disrespect for tradition and established values (an attitude which saner periods would have condemned as foolish and dangerous), and "classlessness" (which tended, in practice, to mean either that they were common as dirt or that they were trying to be—the better imitating the worse, a sure sign of decadence).

John Crosby, an American journalist now resident in London, drooled over the "Swinging City," in which everyone, without exception, was "young," "talented," "creative," "original" and "glowingly alive." The Bishop of Woolwich declared in the witness box that the sex relationship, as described by D. H. Lawrence in that tedious and implausible book, *Lady Chatterly's Lover*, was "in a real sense an act of holy communion." And the subsidized Royal Shakespeare Company, under the direction of Peter Brook and Charles Marowitz (another emigré American, whose chief claim to fame was that he caused a naked woman to be wheeled across the stage at the Edinburgh Festival), put on a season described as the "Theater of Cruelty"—a name derived from a book written in a lunatic asylum by the French psychopath, Antonin Artaud.

The whole scene was epitomized in a

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/ork produced by a fashionable publishng house under the title *David Bailey's Box of Pin-Ups*. It was literally a box, lesigned by the most modish of the /oung media men and containing 36 ›ortraits by the modish young photog-:apher, David Bailey. This selection of 'people who in England today seem glamorous to him" included two actors, eight pop singers, one pop artist, one interior decorator, four photographers, :wo managers of pop groups, one hair lresser, two photographer/designers, ›ne ballet dancer, three models, one film ›roducer, one dress designer, one millinıer, one discothèque manager, one creative advertising man, one "pop singer's 'riend," and the Kray Brothers, who :ould then only be described as "conıected with the underworld" but were, n fact, the leaders of a singularly vicious :riminal gang and are now serving life entences for murder.

Christopher Booker himself was the irst editor, in 1961, of the left-wing scandal-and-satire sheet, *Private Eye*, and resident scriptwriter for David Frost's famous, or notorious, first television series. But, like Thucydides describing his own unfortunate part in the Pelopennesian War, Mr. Booker refers to his role at that time in the third person and with as much scorn as he heaps on the other performers. He has, it seems, recanted completely. The only error to which his erstwhile closeness to the swinging scene may have inclined him is a tendency to exaggerate its importance. There are one or two small factual mistakes too—a wrong Christian name for the Assistant Commissioner at Scotland Yard, for example—but most of what he says is absolutely true and just; which is precisely why, when *The Neophiliacs* appeared in Britain, it was violently attacked by highbrow and leftish critics.

The most valid objection is that Mr. Booker tries to force into a uniform pattern such very disparate men and incidents; a pattern which he then enlarges to include everybody from Napoleon to Hemingway, from Bix Beiderbecke to Adolf Hitler.

His theory is that Britain in the mid-Fifties, like other nations at other times, embarked on a collective fantasy, inhabited by dream figures: and the dream turned into a nightmare. The sudden abandonment of empire and the shifting of old social structures had rendered the British peculiarly vulnerable. Because they had lost the familiar landmarks of reality, they created myths instead—political myths, theatrical myths, pop myths.

Mr. Booker's remedy for, and prophylactic against, such collective insanity is religion, which puts us in touch with a different kind of reality. He himself, it seems, has become a Christian, though these final chapters of the book are uncharacteristically vague.

But, whatever the reason, I agree with him in thinking that the nightmare may really have started to fade, that—"far back through creeks and inlets making" —the tide has begun to turn. The recent revelation that, when the Beatles went to Buckingham Palace to collect those medals, they smoked pot in the royal lavatory as a gesture of contempt seems to round the story off by showing the whole episode in a changed, more distasteful, but truer light. Few tears are currently being shed either for Mr. Wilson or for the Beatles.

Looking around what was once the swinging scene, I get a distinct impression of a party that's over, of a room littered with empty glasses and reeking of stale cigarette smoke. Mr. Booker is urging us to open the windows: and, as he suggests in a new introduction, his message applies to America as well as to Britain. □

THEATER

THE 1970 STRATFORD FESTIVAL

RICHMOND CRINKLEY

North America has so few of what we euphemistically call "theater companies" that seeing a real one in commendable action on our continent is exhilarating. The 1970 Stratford, Ontario Festival boasts an ensemble, most of whose actors and directors and designers have been working together at a consistent level of quality for some years. Unlike the ACT or the late lamented APA, the Stratford group strikes a comfortable balance between the continuing basic company and the necessary outside leavening agents brought in to keep the regulars on their mettle.

Of the major productions mounted at the Festival this summer, Sheridan's *School for Scandal* best exhibits the ensemble effort for which Stratford is so justly famed. *The School for Scandal* might have seemed a non-starter, a bow to a "name" classic. It is a play which this critic, in fits of secret egocentricity, has consigned to the English literature people—a nice, theoretical jolly-up for armchair or classroom dramaturges, but too stilted and twee for production. *Mea culpa*. Sheridan has finally come up winners.

Michael Langham's production keeps the play moving at a clip that we have only recently become accustomed to in English productions of Restoration and eighteenth-century comedies. The nicely modulated warbling of beautiful words that we associate with the Gielgud-inspired productions of the play a generation ago are replaced by argumentative give-and-take, and Stanislavsky-inspired "real" people have given way to the grotesques in which the plays of the period abounded. No performances stand out too glaringly from the rest; the scenes follow one another without *longueurs*; and the music is brisk rather than woozy.

Performances of *The School for Scandal* have often been two-headed. As everyone knows from sophomore lit, there are two plots, one involving the Surface brothers and the other involving the town gossips. The Langham production makes the scheming Joseph Surface (Robin Gammell) very much a part of the gossips' society, as he uses their methods and their services in pursuit of both the innocent Maria and the country-wifeish Lady Teazle (Helen Carey). The famous screen scene, a dull enough moment of Great Literature when sitting on the printed page, surges into glorious farcical life on the stage. Joseph Surface's efforts to prevent Sir Peter Teazle's discovery of his own wife behind Surface's screen suggest a frenetic goalie's frantic defense in a soccer match he's doomed to lose.

The Merchant of Venice is slower, maybe a little too purposeful. For once there is a strong Merchant in Leo Ciceri, an actor too little known outside Canada. Jean Gascon's production plays *Merchant* fairly straight—that is to say, it makes something of the same compromise Shakespeare did between Shylock as villain and Shylock as wounded outcast. Donald Davies, the respectable and autumnal Shylock, more than meets his match in Maureen O'Brien's volatile,

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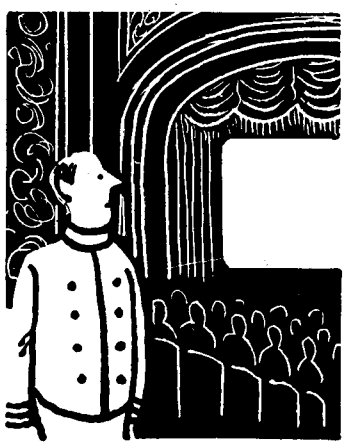
Women's Lib Portia. Seventy per cent on this one.

The festival's really big individual performance belongs to Irene Worth. Miss Worth's *Hedda Gabbler* is very much a modern version of what used to be called a performance in the grand manner. With *Hedda*, a director either goes for the big performance, as at Stratford, or he cuts and trims to repair a flawed play, as in the recent Bergman production in London. Peter Gill's *Hedda* rightly focuses on Hedda's character and leaves the rest of the play to fend for itself.

Miss Worth is a formidable actress and she fills the large auditorium with all the passions that are tearing her to shreds. Her Hedda is very much a woman done to death by inconvenience, the kind of young housewife who would commit suicide over burnt toast. Here the burnt toast comes in the form of an unwanted pregnancy (you can tell it's a pre-Seventies play), an academic husband and a too-forward lover. Miss Worth's Hedda makes you feel them all. It's a Big Bang performance all the way —when Hedda fires her pistol into the darkened auditorium at the beginning



of the second act and when Hedda straightway shoots herself after an orgy of shouting and pounding the piano at the end.

For American audiences who think of Ibsen as one long brood, the Stratford production will provide a healthy antidote. What makes Ibsen a viable playwright for modern audiences is his unashamedly *grand guignol* melodramatics, which let a good actor leaven his self-indulgence with brilliance. And if Ibsen has any message to communicate to moderns, it is that no matter how bad things are, man still has a few histrionics left. If you can't—as Hedda advises the wretched Loevborg—"die beautifully," then you can at least go out declaiming. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE HIDDEN CRISIS IN AMERICAN POLITICS, *by Samuel Lubell (Norton, 306 pp., $5.95).* Mr. Lubell's book contains valuable insights both into current American political trends and into the social phenomena which underlie them. He has achieved these insights through a deep analytical understanding of American political and social processes—which is, unfortunately, not matched by a comparable understanding of the roots of the crisis concerning which he writes. Consequently, he gives the reader a brilliant analysis of the overloading of our political system in the Kennedy-Johnson years, but blames the disaster on bad planning, not on the inherent inability of government to handle the competing pressures of the "claimant society" brought into being by its liberal policies. Mr. Lubell refuses to accept the fact that the "new politics of impatience" he describes so well is a consequence not of the mismanagement of, but of the existence of, the welfare state. On the other hand, I believe he may well have crucial insights when he identifies the breakup of the New Deal coalition as the (proximate) cause of the present crisis and when he asserts that the formation of a new governing coalition is necessary to end this crisis. His ideological beliefs, however, appear to blind him to the logical conclusion that any new coalition, and hence any new President seeking to form such a coalition, cannot refurbish, but must discard the basic liberal ethos, because it is the national rejection of this ethos, both on the intellectual and on the instinctive level, that is the cause of the death of the old coalition.

J. C. MEYER

T. S. ELIOT: AN ESSAY ON THE AMERICAN MAGUS, *by Marion Montgomery (University of Georgia Press, 107 pp., $4.50).* This seems to me a perfectly reasonable statement of evident truth, that Eliot's Christianity and his idea of poetry undergo a real (and largely parallel) process of change and development in the course of his lifetime, and that the later Eliot may be preferred, on both grounds, to the earlier. The essay is serviceably written, a trifle over-academic perhaps, but obviously based on a wide acquaintance with the English Romantic and post-Romantic poets (one begins to suspect there is no English poet of the past century who has not influenced by Wordsworth and very few who were not influenced by Browning). One misses the spark that can be struck by the greatest critics, but Professor Montgomery provides a pleasant and informed light by which to view Eliot's poetic and Christian development. —C. S. HORN

THE ANCHORMAN, *by Ned Calmer, (Doubleday, 365 pp., $6.95).* Veteran newscaster Ned Calmer had the misfortune to write this novel of media intrigue Befor Agnew. Read in the afterglow of De Moines and other rhetorical hotspots, it i alternately campy and silly. The story turns on the evolution of Lloyd Garner from middle-roading rip-and-read newscaster to network anchorman with Social Conscience. As Garner becomes progressively more liberal—as he learns to arch an eyebrow and adlib zingers at right-wing bad guys, he wins the admiration of his colleagues, the adoration of the fans and a fat new contract. When he ignores the control room to launch an attack on Mayor Daley as a fascist, he even begins to score better with the chicks. In a breathtakingly implausible climax, he resigns his anchor job on the air, wins the girl by showing so much Commitment, speeds to Harlem to begin his new life as cub reporter, is shot dead by a sniper and is martyrized by the profession as a newsman's newsman. The Vice President will find this book irresistible, for it seems to confirm everything he has been saying and the network spokesmen have been denying. Fortunately for all of us, *The Anchorman* bears no resemblance to persons living or dead. N. B. FREEMAN

TECHNOLOGY, MANAGEMENT & SOCIETY, *by Peter F. Drucker (Harper, 200 pp., $5.95).* This collection of essays put me to sleep. I consider technology, management and society three fascinating topics, but Mr. Drucker told me little about them, *re*-told that endlessly, and now I find I can't tell anyone else what it was that he *did* have to say. What makes this book so boring and so difficult to summarize is the author's failure to think either imaginatively or systematically. Although he outlines his essays with As, Bs, Cs, and D-Sub-Ones, the headings only disguise some very shabby organization. Do you care to know what Mr. Drucker considers the "five areas of survival objectives" for a "business enterprise"? Well, "(1) The enterprise needs, first, a *human organization designed for joint performance and* capable of perpetuating itself. . . . (2) The second survival objective arises from the fact that the enterprise exists in *society and economy*. . . . (3) Then, of course, there is the area of the specific purpose of business, of its contribution. The purpose is certainly to *supply an economic good and service*. . . . (4) There is another purpose characteristic which I would, so to speak, call the nature of the beast; namely, that this all happens in a *changing* economy and a changing technology. . . . (5) Finally, there is an absolute requirement of survival, namely, that of *profitability*, for the very simple reason that everything I have said so far spells out risk." There you have Peter Drucker's "five areas of survival objectives" for a "business enterprise," and if you're wondering about the reason for all the italics, ask *him*. P. P. ARDERY JR

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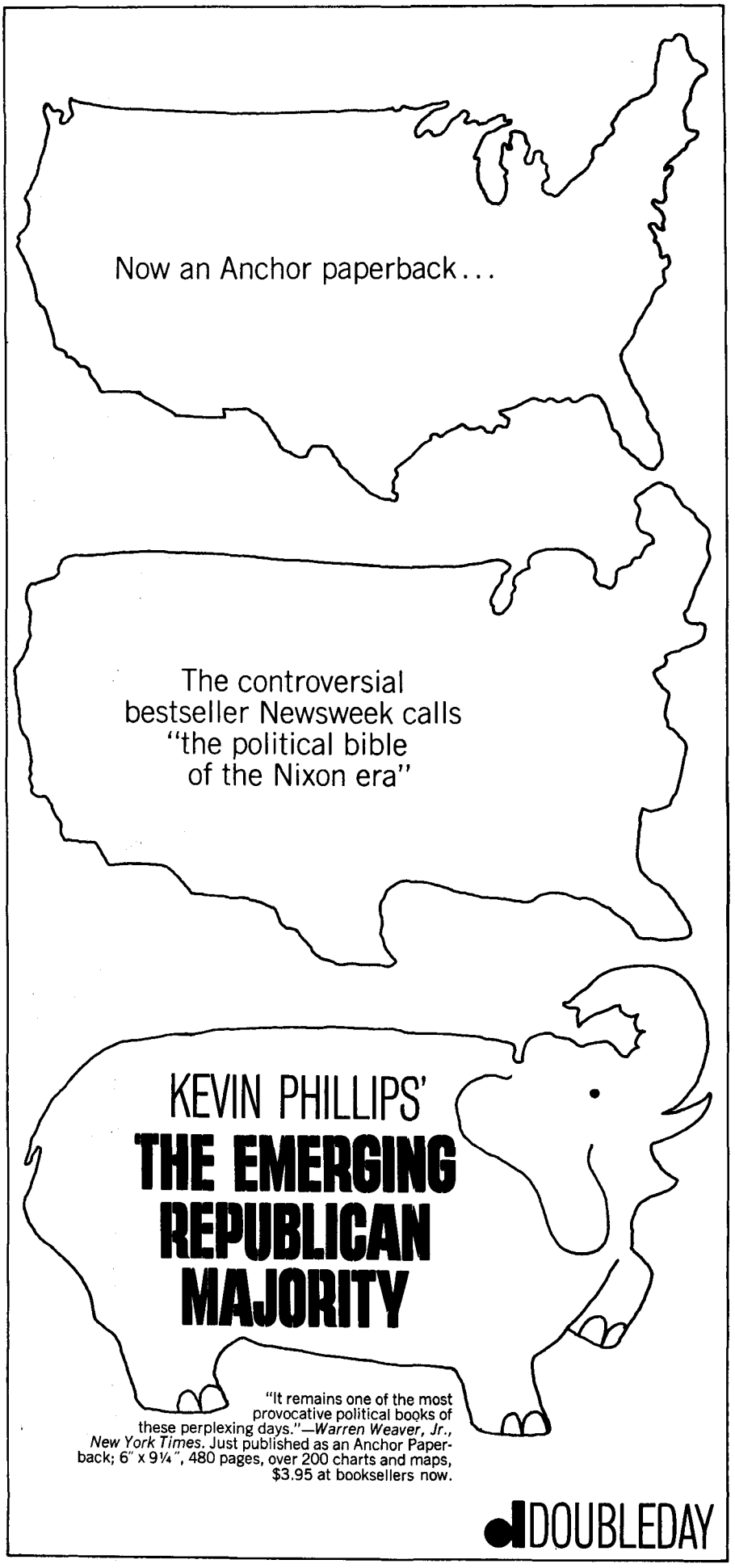
GREENWAY
(Continued from page 842)

as much as a dove from Picasso. Aubrey Mayhew, Nashville Country record manufacturer, has just bought the Texas School Book Depository Building for $650,000 to keep it out of the hands of commercial exploiters. Buck Owens, host-singer of *Hee Haw*, owns a dozen business enterprises, all better risks at the moment than IBM. And for a final statistic, half of all the records sold in the world are American Country Music.

The important point of all this for conservatives is that our Country Music is the healthiest nucleus for the expression of American traditional virtues. There are no Kremlin Songbirds in Nashville. The only juveniles holding guitars are sons of established performers. No singers trouble the police except the notorious thumpers straight out of *True Grit*. Second generation Okies, of all our citizens the group with most reason to lose faith in America, are her staunchest defenders. Listen to the California Country Sound, perhaps most defiant in Merle Haggard's "Okie from Muskogee." Hear the Glaser Brothers taunting liberals with "California Girl" and "Wicked California," both in heretical praise of Los Angeles.

Persistent Confederates still argue the strength of the Old South against etiolated Puritanism in songs like "The Day They Shoved Old Dixie Down." One can hear many songs of Vietnam without catching a whine of complaint or a clamor for surrender. "Galveston," the best of these, is the strongest song to emerge from an American war since "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." There is no limit to Country Music's outrageous extremism in the pursuit of American values: "Day of Decision" sold a quarter of a million copies in its first two weeks arguing flatly that "democracy is held together by Fourth of July flag-waving patriotism." Roger Miller, the most imaginative composer alive, declares "squares make the world go round," and Jeannie C. Riley sings "out in the country there is no talk that God is dead."

As the young flower children say, these people are trying to tell us something: that in good times and bad, conservatism has its strength in the country. The nation and its better classes (if we are permitted still to speak of such people) rest upon the shoulders of the yeomanry; if their expression cannot be appreciated, it should not be rubbished. □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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

The Wit and Wisdom of Billy Graham
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man. This was before his rise to political prominence.

Kirk's comment on the reality that there was no Catholic-Buddhist war under Diem goes far toward dispelling some myths. Yet they could be amplified by noting that the Buddhists who clashed with the regime were a small, radicalized urban group with political ambitions. The rural monks were chagrined with the un-Buddhist like behavior of their city brothers and, what's more, did not feel the massive religious oppression that observers such as David Halberstam raved about. As with most situations, the truth is usually somewhere in the middle. We still await the dispassionate analysis that will answer questions about the intensity of Buddhist opposition to Diem, and, most important, the role of the American press in contributing to his overthrow.

A final note. Kirk is correct in citing the fact that Ky's flamboyance increased his popularity. So did Sukarno's, Kieta's, Nkrumah's etc. Why no disparaging remarks from the liberal intelligentsia in these cases? To me a certain degree of flamboyance is an excellent political asset.

Denver, Colo. BARD E. O'NEILL

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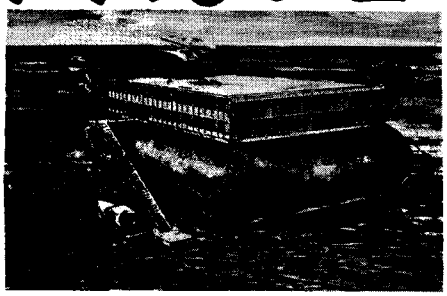

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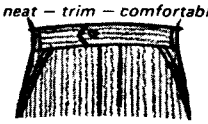

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On the Left, Bernadette Devlin

Belfast, July 10—The Reverend Ian Paisley is the symbol in Northern Ireland of Protestant intransigence. The symbol on the other side is Bernadette Devlin. In fact they are not really complementary. Paisley comes through as the bitter-ender, who desires a tightly controlled, London-oriented, Catholic-hating Northern Ireland; Bernadette Devlin as the Joan of Arc of Catholic emancipation. In fact Paisley would dissolve his allegiance to the Queen (he is a member of Parliament) in a minute, if by doing so he could fashion a viable, independent Northern Ireland. And Bernadette Devlin cares nothing for Catholicism—or Protestantism, or the Queen, or Parliament (she too is a member): She cares for "socialism." Because it is socialism—she profoundly believes—that will rescue Northern Ireland from its quandaries. I say profoundly believes with caution. She is only 23, and every year or so since attaining political consciousness, she has come to believe profoundly in slightly different goals, although she appears recently to have become semi-permanently arrested by "socialism," nestling down comfortably in left radicalism.

Miss Devlin does not, however, preside over the organized opposition. There are others. Mr. John Hume is the Catholic reformer who beat Mr. Eddie McAteer, the longtime leader of the opposition in Northern Ireland, in the last election. McAteer, surely the most quietly charming and eloquent man in the English-speaking world, wants, simply, union—with the Irish Free State. John Hume believes that union is a) unachievable at the moment, and b) wouldn't, in and of itself, accomplish anything very much. Here he agrees with Bernadette, the residual difference being this, that Hume believes that no progress of any sort makes sense which is not evolutionary; which is to say, nonviolent. Whereas Bernadette, although she sometimes exhibits a little caution in speaking about it, more or less gives you to understand that the Northern Ireland situation is so impossibly ossified that only a good bloody revolution will shake it loose.

Miss Devlin—have you noticed?—is now an international heroine of the revolutionary community. Immediately after her precocious election to Parliament in 1969, she delivered a razzle-dazzle speech in the House of Commons which really turned the revolutionary set on. In due course she discovered that she was in fact influencing nothing more tangible than whether a new post-box should be set up in one of the towns in her constituency. At that point she decided to ventilate her problems in the United States, which she did, appearing on the usual television programs, and receiving the key to the city from Mayor John Lindsay of New York, who gave it to her as automatically as he'd have given one to Lady Macbeth, if she had represented herself as a dedicated anti-colonialist, without race, color or creed. But the American tour, and the sparkling autobiography that came after it, were not enough to keep Miss Devlin in an adjusted relationship with her iconoclastic muse. So, a few months later, she gave Mr. Lindsay's key to New York City to a surrogate, with instructions to hand it over to the Black Panthers, so as to register her solidarity with the oppressed class of Americans.

Miss Devlin, symbol of radical Catholicism in Ireland, is a very sprightly, attractive, literate, amusing woman, who, however, cannot think her way out of a paper bag, as readers of her book will quickly discover. Her solution for Northern Ireland is: socialist revolution. What socialist revolution has accomplished for anybody, anywhere, she carefully refrains from telling us, pleading her innocence of parliamentary or historical politics. She gets "lost," she confesses, when she reads about the differences between the Mensheviks and the Bolsheviks. That is a little bit like getting lost in understanding the differences between the Nazis and the Democratic Socialists. Poor Miss Devlin, she is in jail at this moment, having incited to riot, or whatever they call it in Northern Ireland. And, of course, her incarceration was yet another cause for a riot, such riots as have been plaguing a land that should be so sanguine, the Catholic civil rights reforms having got through; so optimistic about the future, notwithstanding the demagogy of Paisley, or the puerile socialism of the endearing, high-spirited Bernadette. □

NORTHERN IRELAND'S PAISLEY

Belfast, July 12—The Reverend Ian Paisley is just one of the problems of Northern Ireland, indeed it is by no means predictable that were he to depart this vale of tears and go on to a Paradise absolutely free of Roman Catholics—free even of God, if it should prove that He too is a Roman Catholic—the situation in Northern Ireland would clear up; although there is no doubt that it would improve. When Cardinal Segura, scourge of Seville, died a dozen years ago, an American tourist asked his guide what had been the result of the absence of so imposing a presence. She replied, devoutly, that upon the Cardinal's death, he and Seville had passed on to a better world.

The thing of it is, about Paisley, that Paisleyism is more important than Paisley, and would most likely survive him, although the virulent weekly transfusions would at least be interrupted. The Reverend Paisley is the head of an organization called the Free Presbyterian Movement, which is the principal mechanism in Ulster for sublimating anti-Catholicism into a) pro-Christianity; b) pro-the reigning Unionist Party; and c) pro-the formal attachment to the United Kingdom. As I say, if Paisley were to go, or (as some wags suggest will inevitably happen, that being the way the Mother of Parliaments muddles through) were he to retire from the sectarian wars in order to become the Earl of Paisley, House of Lords, Paisleyism would survive, even if it would suffer for the lack of so theatrically gifted a spokesman.

I mean, when you sit down at 11:30 A.M. on a Sunday, at the Church of the Martyrs, the bright new edifice (one of Dr. Paisley's thirteen churches), and wait anxiously for his appearance, you know that the good Lord, in His altogether inexplicable toleration, is about to present you with something quite

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special. He hoves in, middle-aged, hulking-tall, all-baritone, telling you that Jesus Christ is profaned by the gaggle of Romanists who stand between Him and the Word, as transcribed, immaculately, by Ian Paisley.

The Rev. P. has a rather informal theological education, having received his Doctor of Divinity from Bob Jones University in South Carolina. Dr. Paisley can hardly be said to have invented anti-Catholicism in Northern Ireland, that having been invented by a shrewish denominationalist history going back four hundred years: but he does his gifted best to give it life; so that, on Sunday July 12, the anniversary of the Protestanization of England by William of Orange, he is there to remind the flock that any weakness shown toward the Catholic minority in Northern Ireland (a half-million people, out of one-and-one-half million) is a weakness toward the blandishments of the devil. You listen to him for an hour, and if you are at all disposed in that direction, you leave girding your loins to resist any and all of the demands which, in Northern Ireland, have come to be known as the demands of the Civil Rights Association, the demands, crystallized beginning only in 1966, 45 years after the partition of Ireland, that the Catholic minority in the North, be given a one-man, one-vote relationship to the government; and that they be given equal consideration when it comes to housing and jobs and civil service.

BETWEEN 1966 and today, the Unionist government capitulated: and the civil rights have been progressively granted, although they will not go into full effect for another year or so. But the passage from effective disfranchisement to first-class citizenship has thrown the country into psychic terror. Psychic because, notwithstanding the infamous rioting and the rhetorical bloodshed, in fact one notices a steady graph up toward genuine equality.

There are many residual difficulties. One of them is that although the ruling party, the Unionists, will privately confess their loathing of Paisley, they do not know what to do about Paisleyism. The Reverend Bigot not only got himself elected to the House of Commons in the last election, he very nearly beat the Prime Minister, Captain Terence O'Neill, in the election of 1969.

Paisley has become an eponyn for: Resist Equal Rights for Catholics, and Remember that the Catholics Really Want a Unified Irish State. So that, although during the church service you notice that the parishioners who exult in the phlogistonic rhetoric ("Burn! Burn! Burn, Set Fire to Your Hearts for Gee-zuss Krrayesst!") are mostly middle-class, middle-aged fellow travelers of anti-Catholicism, still, in the brand new university at Coleraine, you will find the graffito in the men's room: Paisley Forever. This much is safe to say: If Paisleyism triumphs, Northern Ireland will disintegrate. □

A FUTURE FOR NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast, July 14—I came away from Ireland convinced of the bona fides of the principal officials of the governing party, notwithstanding its refractory record on the matter of extending elementary rights to the Catholic minority. The thing to remember, if you can, is this: that the Catholics have won their war, and that in due course they will be exercising their civil liberties, and this means a good many concrete things, for instance, a greatly reduced Protestant majority in the Stormont, which is what they call the Irish Parliament; and, in local centers of dense Catholic population like Londonderry, political control, which in turn means greater access to public housing, that kind of thing.

But that war for equality having been officially won, there is the old miasmic war left undissipated, namely the religious antagonism—suggested by the name of Paisley—which will not necessarily reduce now that the Catholics are first-class citizens. The reasons are various. For one, there is unemployment in Northern Ireland, approximately 7 per cent, and as much as 17 per cent in the small industrial center of Londonderry. There is a widespread fear that as Catholics acquire political power, Protestants will lose their jobs; or, if you like, their job preferences. There is the strategic fear that the Catholics, who already exceed one-third of the population, will in due course become an oppressive majority and perhaps the agents of coercive unification with the South. Then there is the bitter Paisley Protestant movement, which regrets the reforms already made, and will labor unremittingly to stoke the fanatical fires. And of course the great historical overlay of religious animosity, suggested by the answer given to one perplexed visitor who asked an Ulsterman why the talk was always of "Catholics" and "Protestants." "Aren't there any *atheists* in Ireland?" "Yes," the native explained, "but you see, there are *Catholic* atheists, and *Protestant* atheists."

One hesitates to prescribe for other people's countries, but here is mine for Northern Ireland. It is generally agreed that, but for the English military presence over the Orangeman's weekend, there would have been a lot of bloodshed. Paradoxically, the potential for a good life has never been better: Economic opportunities are great; industry is most hospitably greeted; there is a skilled and abundant labor force; there are tax and other benefits given to the foreign investors—the constituents are all there for material and social progress.

But the thing of it is that fanatical Protestant sectarianism, as with Paisley; and the sort of undifferentiated Catholic-socialist fanaticism of Bernadette Devlin and Eammon McCann, maintain under existing arrangements a convulsive leverage on Irish affairs. Paisley cannot be ignored, because his voice is very strong in the Stormont. Paisleyites are Ulster's Fedayeen, and they have to be controlled, or else they will control. Bear in mind that the population of all of Northern Ireland is equal to that of Atlanta, Georgia. And Paisley is a very big figure, as are the two or three Bernadettes.

NOW IF ENGLAND is going to have to a) maintain order in Ireland because the Irish can't do it by themselves; and b) subsidize Northern Ireland with all the welfarist benefits that now inure to Ulster in virtue of her membership in the United Kingdom, then surely it would make sense to abolish the Stormont, until things settle down? There is no equivalent parliament in Scotland, or in Wales: why should there be in North Ireland? Abolish the Stormont, and you abolish the leverage of Paisley. Paisley's ranting anti-Catholicism, practiced in Westminster, will bring only yawns, ditto the ideological cadenzas of Bernadette. The British, then, can superintend the evolution of the new Northern Ireland, with civil rights for everybody. In due course manifest destiny will make itself felt—but only after ten or twenty years of practical experience with pluralism.

And then, if the two Irelands should want to fuse, an unfrightened Protestant population will know that they will not suffer at the hands of Dublin. Or, if the experience with England is especially satisfactory, the North Catholics may find they have developed stronger ties to England than those to the South that were officially severed in 1921. It is not easy to visualize, in the current heat, an alternative based on the reconciliation of altogether antagonistic forces. Dublin's policies are affected by Northern pressures, and the stability of the South depends on stability in the North: a stability which depends, at this point in history, on reducing the leverage of the fanatics. I do not see how that can be done other than by England. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A play by Mark Twain, 1888
91 46 99 174 140 146 170 213 187 195
203 48 221

B. A city nearly midway between Gaza and Joppa
100 56 13 209 123 39

C. A saloon
124 107 2 126 128 159 22

D. The scene of one of Mark Twain's works (part of the title)
36 17 42 82 105 130 137 141 181 202
208 5 57 97 162 194

E. Manages or oversees the operations of
43 51 143 183 61

F. A type of compass
149 6 62 94 111 115 118 131 176 135
199 58

G. A novel by Mark Twain; the characters lived in Washington, D. C.
153 101 3 52 206 67 69 85 158 171
177 90 114 117 122 98

H. A book by Mark Twain about his travels
165 70 66 87 152 172 178 212 15 23
106 133 169 201 205

I. People who sponsor missionaries
8 219 20 26 37 44 49 89 55 60

J. A character in WORD G
173 80 147 63 132 4 191

K. A National League infielder, 1924-1938
175 180 93 18 217 110 12 224

L. A book by Mark Twain about his travels
179 9 75 81 134 161 223 211 88 103
127 119

M. A state capital
190 83 24 54 74 120 129 136 166 185
210

N. A Shakespearean actor and producer
27 64 35 154 112

O. This is actually the United States' longest river
31 59 72 92 47 53 78 84

P. A group of nine persons
196 182 189 65 7 197

Q. An American hero
204 1 34 50 142 116 145 148 25 167

R. One of Mark Twain's heroes
207 198 160 113 14 10 68 188 184

S. A book by Mark Twain about his experiences
218 121 220 16 28 109 102 45 125 144

T. A fast girl
19 76 11 33 200

U. Crazy
71 29 77 151

V. To invest with a freehold estate in land
79 214 168 138 163 86 95

W. Don't sell this type of onion short
96 215 139 164 21 186 38

X. Claws
104 41 222 156 193 30

Y. The chief deity among the ancient Slavs along the Elbe
108 40 32 155 73 192 216 150 157

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in, above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 854 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

1 Q	■	2 C	3 G	4 J	5 D	6 F	7 P	8 I	9 L	■	10 R	11 T	12 K	■	13 B	14 R	15 H	■	16 S
17 D	18 K	19 T	20 I	■	21 W	22 C	■	23 H	24 M	25 Q	■	26 I	27 N	■	28 S	29 U	30 X	■	31 O
32 Y	33 T	■	34 Q	35 N	36 D	37 I	■	38 W	39 B	40 Y	41 X	42 D	43 E	44 I	45 S	46 A	■	47 O	48 A
■	49 I	50 Q	51 E	■	52 G	53 O	54 M	55 I	56 B	■	57 D	58 F	■	59 O	60 I	61 E	62 F	63 J	64 N
65 P	66 H	67 G	68 R	■	69 G	70 H	71 U	■	72 O	73 Y	74 M	75 L	76 T	■	77 U	78 O	79 V	80 J	■
81 L	82 D	83 M	84 O	85 G	■	86 V	87 H	88 L	■	89 I	90 G	91 A	92 O	93 K	94 F	95 V	■	96 W	97 D
98 G	■	99 A	■	100B	101G	■	102S	103L	104X	■	105D	■	106H	107C	108Y	109S	110K	111F	112N
113R	■	114G	115F	116Q	■	117G	118F	119L	■	120M	121S	122G	123B	124C	■	125S	126C	■	127L
■	128C	129M	130D	131F	132J	133H	■	134L	135F	136M	137D	138V	139W	■	140A	141D	142Q	143E	■
144S	145Q	146A	■	147J	148Q	149F	■	150Y	151U	■	152H	153G	154N	155Y	156X	157Y	■	158G	159C
160R	161L	162D	163V	164W	165H	166M	167Q	■	168V	169H	170A	■	171G	172H	173J	174A	■	175K	176F
177G	178H	■	179L	■	180K	181D	182P	183E	184R	185M	186W	■	187A	188R	189P	190M	191J	■	192Y
193X	■	194D	195A	196P	■	197P	198R	199F	200T	201H	202D	■	203A	204Q	205H	■	206G	207R	208D
■	209B	210M	211L	212H	213A	■	214V	215W	216Y	217K	218S	■	219I	220S	221A	222X	223L	224K	■

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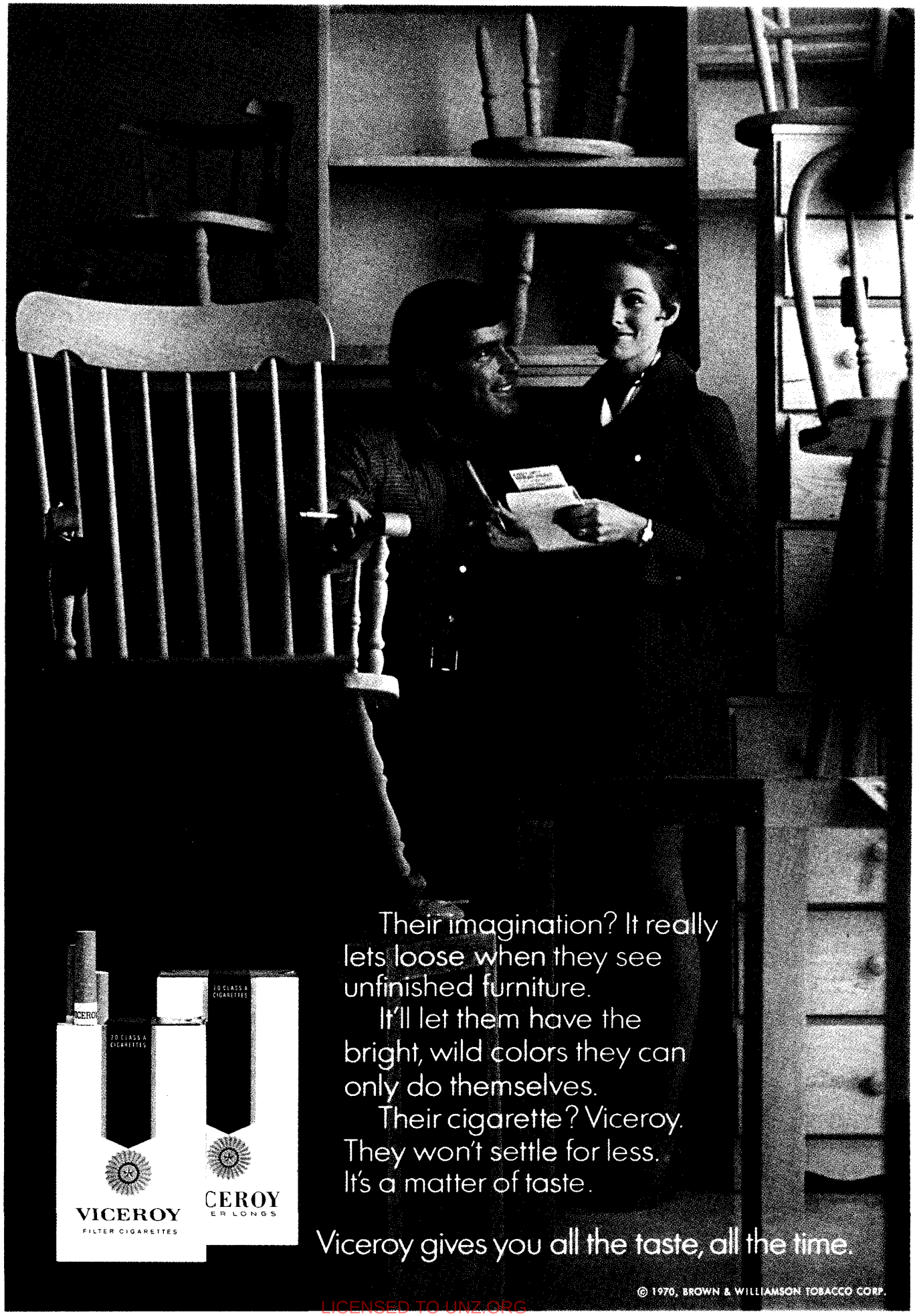
Their imagination? It really lets loose when they see unfinished furniture.
It'll let them have the bright, wild colors they can only do themselves.
Their cigarette? Viceroy. They won't settle for less. It's a matter of taste.
Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.
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